

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 990



NOVEMBER 17, 1888

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 950.—Vol. XXXVIII.  
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



William Walsh, formerly a Sergeant in the R.I.C., who gave evidence as to outrages after the foundation of the Land League



Mrs. De Blaquiére, who was boycotted, and who had her cattle mutilated because her husband had stopped a Land League Hunt



A Member of the Press



District-Inspector Alan Bell, R.I.C., Exhibits Land League Manifestos



The Leisure Moments of a Q.C.—Sketching Witnesses



Mr. Ronan: "Are you still holding the Farm?"  
Pat Small: "I am, and I will"



Mr. Murphy, Q.C.: "Did you Hear a Shot that Night?"  
Thomas Connolly: "Sure, I Don't know what I Heard, Sir, for I was Fast Asleep"



Mathias Kerrigan (boycotted for giving evidence as to the murder of the Huddys) gives his Evidence through an Interpreter



Mr. Evans, Interpreter

Mr. Atkinson, Q.C.



## Topics of the Week

**SIR CHARLES WARREN.**—The resignation of the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police leaves a void which it will take an exceptionally strong man to fill in a satisfactory manner. Sir Charles Warren had most of the essentials: he was firm, hard-working, energetic, and full of zeal. But it has been apparent for some time that his authority rested on an insecure foundation. Venomously and persistently attacked by the advocates of mob-rule, he did not receive, either from his superiors or the general public, the cordial support which alone could enable him to perform his duties. He made a brave fight of it, nevertheless; and, now that he has fallen, the community for whose good he laboured so indefatigably feel both compunction and consternation—compunction for allowing this meritorious public servant to be made the victim of a cabal; consternation lest the Home Office should replace King Stork by some King Log. There is a certain irony in the circumstances attending the downfalls of Sir Charles Warren and of his predecessor. Sir Edmund Henderson had to quit Scotland Yard because he had failed to secure life and property in the wealthiest quarter of London. Sir Charles Warren, on the contrary, did his duty in that respect so efficaciously as to provoke the undying wrath of the backboneless sentimentalists who would have roughs treated with rose-water. This would not have much mattered had his relations with the Home Secretary and the police been cordial. But, the contrary being the case, the Conybeares and Grahams had a powerful lever with which to upset the man whom they feared and hated. Londoners may have cause before long to regret bitterly the apathy they showed when the champion of order was being plotted against by autocratic politicians, jealous subordinates, and rowdy demagogues. The slightest wavering on his part last winter, and the West End might have witnessed a repetition of the disgraceful scenes of riot and pillage which previously resulted from the Metropolitan Police having lost touch of discipline. Sir Charles Warren may rely upon it that he takes with him into retirement the good wishes of all orderly citizens.

**SAMOA AND THE GERMANS.**—Germany cannot be congratulated on the success of the efforts she has hitherto made to secure for herself the position of a great colonising Power. The Company formed to promote German interests in East Africa has by its high-handed proceedings completely alienated the natives of that region; and there has been a conspicuous lack of fairness and good sense in the German treatment of the native population of Samoa. King Malietoa, who was lately deported to the Cameroons, had done nothing to deserve the harsh measures adopted against him. Some cocoa-nuts may have been stolen by Samoans, but the King was perfectly willing to investigate such charges, and to punish offenders. As for the German who was said to be maltreated, there is good evidence that the natives were justly offended by his conduct, and that in punishing him they never thought of showing disrespect to the German Emperor, whose birthday he had been celebrating. Under these circumstances it was very natural that the German claim for "compensation" should seem to King Malietoa a most tyrannical demand, and that he should decline to pay any attention to it. The King put in his place by the German Consul proved to be wholly unfit for his duties, and the Samoans have shown what they think of him by repudiating his authority, and recognising a Sovereign of their own choosing. Yet the Germans continue to support the despot whom they have thrust upon the people; and a Samoan village was recently shelled by a German war-ship. It is uncertain whether life was lost on this occasion, but it is not disputed that the village was at the time inhabited only by women and children. The German Government, we may hope, will look into these matters, and begin to exercise rather more rigid control over its subjects and representatives in distant parts. In the present instance there is absolutely no excuse for the blunders which have been committed, for Germany is pledged neither to annex nor to establish a Protectorate over Samoa.

**THE LATEST EAST END ATROCITY.**—Even if the murders of last Christmas week and of August 7th be excluded as not certainly belonging to the same series, there still remain five butcheries, all apparently perpetrated by one and the same individual. Concerning this individual, all that can be positively affirmed is that he possesses the skill, either of a butcher or of a medical man, in the art of cutting up animals, human or otherwise. It is true that on this last occasion a man has given a very precise description of the supposed murderer. The very exactitude of his description, however, engenders a feeling of scepticism. The witness in question admits that at the time he saw him he did not suspect the person he watched of being the White-chapel assassin; yet, at two o'clock in the morning, in badly-lighted thoroughfares, he observed more than most of us would observe in broad daylight, with ample time at our

disposal. A man who in such a hasty survey notes such points as "a pair of dark 'spats,' with light buttons, over button boots," and "a red stone hanging from his watch-chain," must possess the eyes of a born detective. Granting, however, that this description is accurate, and not due to the after-effects of a lively imagination, it is evident that the clue thus given is an important one, inasmuch as it shows that the murderer belongs to a superior class. Turning to another point, the Shoreditch Coroner deserves praise for having so speedily completed the inquest on this last victim. A coroner's court is not a court of criminal inquiry, and the disclosure of details which were unnecessary for proving the cause of death might only help to frustrate the action of the police. Lastly, we would remark, as we remarked concerning the four previous sufferers, that the woman Kelly did not originally belong to the "gutter" class. She was a woman of respectable parentage and superior breeding, who had gradually sunk into the state of degradation in which she was existing when she met her terrible death.

**INCREASING THE FORCES.**—Sooner or later it was certain that England would be dragged into the fierce international rivalry in armaments. Lord George Hamilton is kind enough to state that this costly competitive examination will not begin during the present financial year. But from the warlike talk at the Guildhall banquet there seems little doubt that the country will shortly be invited to spend more freely on the army and navy—especially the latter. Lord Salisbury, sitting on the cross-trees, spies breakers ahead, or, at all events, says he sees them. There may be some sceptics, perhaps, who will interpret the alarm as nothing more than a device for charming a few additional millions out of John Bull's purse. The services are very strongly represented in the Conservative ranks, and so angry are the admirals and generals, the colonels and the captains, at the stinginess of the Government that the Premier may well feel inclined to toss them a few scraps. Your Parliamentary warrior is a fearful wild fowl to tackle; chop off both his head and his tail with the sharp sword of logic, and he comes up smiling and fresh to renew the encounter. And there are some of them who have a trick of saying very disagreeable things, much to the delight of the Opposition. But where will the money come from? Anxious as Lord Salisbury may be to smooth down these raging dogs of war, he would not attempt it at the risk of upsetting Mr. Goschen's Budget calculations. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is bound to include some reduction of taxation in his next scheme, and how can he do that if the naval and military estimates are augmented? Very fortunately, a splendid windfall offers itself to his nimble fingers. From March 31st the reduced rate of interest will begin on the Consols that have been converted, a change which will diminish the charge for the twelve months by about £1,300,000. Supposing, therefore, that this sum were set aside to cover additional expenditure on the national defences, the present basis of taxation need not be disturbed. O, sagacious warriors, was it on that dainty plum that you set your longing eyes?

**ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.**—The Government is to be congratulated on its decision not to take any step that might tend to raise the old question as to religious education in elementary schools. The existing compromise may not be—indeed, is not—altogether satisfactory either to the majority of Churchmen or to the majority of Nonconformists; but, upon the whole, it has worked well, and any attempt to interfere with it would have most injurious results. Sir W. Hart Dyke's statement on this subject was received with much favour in the House of Commons. It was, however, by no means the only element of interest in his speech on the Education Estimates. He was able to present some very satisfactory statistics as to the provision which has been made for popular education, and as to the numbers of children on the registers of our elementary schools; and he gave an almost glowing account of the indirect effect of these schools in diminishing juvenile crime. It was natural that he should draw attention chiefly to the bright side of the picture, but some unpleasant facts must also be taken into account, and of this the Vice-President of the Council was very effectually reminded by several of the speakers who followed him. One of the most urgent of our educational needs is that clever boys and girls, who have passed through the ordinary elementary course, shall have ampler opportunities of carrying on their studies. A good deal has been done in this direction; but the demand will not have been properly met until there are in every town and district evening schools and classes for all who may wish to attend them. It is also absolutely essential that better methods shall be introduced into the day schools. There seemed to be a general feeling in the House of Commons that at present there is too much cram and book-learning, too little free development of the intellectual and practical faculties. This is the universal opinion of the better class of schoolmasters, who have for years missed no chance of insisting upon the necessity for reform. Sir W. Hart Dyke would do admirable service if he would examine this question thoroughly, and attack what is really the root of most of the evils of which complaint is made—the system of payment by such results as happen to be determined by dull and unintelligent examinations.

**THE OATHS' BILL.**—The tone of the speeches in the House of Lords which preceded the second reading of this measure indicates pretty accurately the view of it taken out-of-doors by all those persons who believe in any form of revealed religion. They do not welcome it with acclamation, they accept it as a regrettable necessity. It is an undeniable fact that whereas formerly persons who openly rejected Christianity in this country were so few in number that no special legislation was needed to meet their prejudices, they have now become a comparatively numerous body. It is to the credit of the Bench of Bishops that they have recognised this fact. There was a time when they would have opposed an immovable *non possumus* to a Bill for relieving Atheists and such-like persons from their self-inflicted disabilities, whereas now, through their spokesman, the Bishop of Carlisle, they have frankly recognised the magnitude of the free-thought movement, and have tacitly permitted the second reading of the Bill. Their decision, no doubt, has been largely influenced by the consideration that so long as an oath is demanded in courts of justice to which conscientious atheists cannot subscribe, important witnesses may be prevented from giving evidence. In such cases, it is not the atheist who suffers, but the community, because a culprit, otherwise deserving of punishment, may thus obtain an acquittal. It is to be hoped, of course, that the new form of affirmation will be hedged round with the same penalties for false swearing as the existing oath, otherwise there may be some unscrupulous witnesses who will profess for the nonce to be unbelievers in order that they may thus more easily escape the penalties attaching to perjury.

**THE INDIAN CONGRESS MOVEMENT.**—It is evident that the authorities in India do not half like the look of the Congress movement. No doubt there is a considerable element of sham in the alleged "representative" character of the annual assemblies. The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces says, with perfect accuracy, that at most they only represent "an extremely small, and peculiar, section of the community." This section happens, however, to be composed of the more educated classes, and its weight as a political factor cannot, therefore, be estimated by its numerical strength. Nor can it be gainsaid that the movement is gaining numbers of adherents all over the peninsula. The Mahomedans, it is true, hold aloof for the most part, and the chief Hindoo nobles also regard it with contempt and dislike. But, on the other hand, the Eurasian community, which includes many men of high intelligence, is in sympathy, and a few Englishmen have also joined—perhaps not for altogether disinterested motives. In itself, there is nothing in this agitation to cause alarm to even the most timid Government. The ostensible object is to hold an annual assembly of delegates from all parts of Hindostan, for the purpose of discussing social and political affairs, and moving the Government to apply legislative remedies for well-founded grievances. But instead of sticking to this safe, and perfectly legitimate, programme, the past Congresses have "played to the gallery," by holding up the Government to popular odium. That is done often enough in this country; is it not, indeed, the supreme function of the party in Opposition to heap abuse on the Ministry? But words which may be uttered in these stolid isles without the slightest danger are terribly perilous when flung about recklessly in India. The natives—except those in the Presidency towns—are still so guileless as to believe in the veracity of agitators; and when they hear a whole chorus of these windy spouters denouncing Lord Dufferin as a hateful tyrant, and his colleagues as a conspiracy of oppressors, they get to regard the British raj as an iniquity. If such talk as this could be interdicted, the Congress movement would have merit as a mirror reflecting, in some sort, the tendencies of native opinion.

**SIR HENRY BLAKE.**—It is not only in the United Kingdom that the Irish Question is causing more or less serious trouble to the English Government. The Sackville incident was due wholly to the eagerness of each of the two American parties to secure the Irish vote; and now the appointment of Sir Henry Blake as Governor of Queensland has evoked in that colony a vehement protest, for no better reason than that he did his duty while acting as a special resident magistrate in Ireland. That Sir Henry Blake is in many respects well fitted for the position to which he has been nominated, there can be no sort of doubt. His record in Ireland, from the point of view of the upholders of "law and order," was excellent; and he has won respect as the Governor, first of the Bahamas, then of Newfoundland. It would be unjust to the Queenslanders to suppose that they object to him because his social rank is not equal to that of Lord Oslow, who has been appointed to New Zealand. Sir Henry Blake is unpopular simply because there are in Queensland a great many Irishmen, most of whom dislike the idea of having a Governor against whom the Parnellites are prejudiced. Now that the appointment has been made, it would be culpable weakness on the part of the Home Government to defer to clamour. The rights of the Crown in self-governing Colonies are not very extensive; but, such as they are, they must of course be properly maintained. At the same time the incident is significant, and ought not to be forgotten. Whether



we like the fact or not, the Irish are becoming more and more powerful in many of our colonies; and it is important that they shall not be needlessly offended. In selecting Governors, the Colonial Secretary must take all the circumstances into account, and choose only such officials as are likely to be acceptable to the people among whom they are for a time to be settled.

**CRIMINAL LITERATURE.**—In reply to the question put on behalf of Mr. Samuel Smith, the Home Secretary promised, in a guarded way, to try and do something to repress the circulation of this sort of literature. Anybody who chooses to inspect the stock of the humbler sort of booksellers can see that there is an enormous demand for this kind of stuff. There can be no doubt, either, that in some cases, though we think only in a few cases, the perusal of narratives dealing with robberies and murders acts as a direct incentive to crime. The present agitation on the subject has, of course, been excited by the strange confessions of the two lads who are now awaiting their trial for a murder alleged to have been committed by them at Tunbridge Wells. It would be prudent, however, to pause until the trial takes place before accepting their statements regarding the numerous other villainies which they say they have perpetrated. As regards the general question, it is difficult to see how the circulation of this objectionable sort of literature can be legally suppressed. If it be immoral to read the biographies of such bygone worthies as Greenacre and Rush, is it not equally wrong to gloat over the doings of the Whitechapel fiend? Yet nothing sends up the circulation of the daily papers so much as the account of a fresh atrocity in that quarter of the town. Is any one innocent enough to suppose that all these extra copies are bought by lads of the working class? The truth is that the taste for such horrors is strongly developed among people of all classes and of all ages. Therefore, if we determine to prohibit, we must prohibit thoroughly. If we make it unlawful to sell the memoirs of a deceased murderer, we must also put down "the shilling shocker," which is certainly not read by the working-classes only.

**OUR TENURE OF CYPRUS.**—It is satisfactory to learn from Sir Robert Biddulph that if England and Turkey could come to terms for the commutation of the Cyprus tribute—ugly name—France would have no right to protest. When this country agreed to set aside the tribute for the service of the Ottoman loan guaranteed by France and England in 1855, it was expressly stipulated that Great Britain reserved the right of cancelling the arrangement at any moment. So far as that goes, therefore, we have a perfectly free hand to settle matters with the Turk alone. That commutation would be advantageous all round admits of no argument. The island would benefit, England would benefit, and the Constantinople Treasury would benefit—for a time. What would be a fair price to pay the Sultan? Say a million and a-half; that would be liberal enough. And as the money might be borrowed by England on her own security, the interest charge to be paid by the Cypriotes would be only about one half of the present tribute. It may be pertinently asked, however, why England should incur this responsibility on behalf of a country where she is a mere tenant. The Anglo-Turkish Convention enacts that if England declined or omitted to help the Sultan at any time to resist an invader of his Asiatic territories, he would have the right to resume possession of Cyprus. Clearly, this clause must be obliterated before there can be any serious talk about commutation. Otherwise the Grand Turk would be in the phenomenal position of eating his cake and having it too. Having spent the million and a-half, he would be under irresistible temptation to try to get back the milch-cow which had yielded him such a glorious pailful. It might even be worth his while to provoke some neighbour to invade Asia Minor, on the chance of England refusing to give him assistance, thus annulling the Convention which is her only title-deed of Cyprus. As for ever allowing the Turk to re-establish his rule in the fair island which he governed so vilely, that is not to be thought of for a moment. It would be well, therefore, to ascertain whether the Sultan could not be tempted, by a handsome sum down, to hand over the freehold of Cyprus to his very good friend.

**BRITISH TRADERS.**—Nowadays we are often told that English trade, if not diminishing, is at any rate not increasing at the same rate as that of some of our rivals in commerce. There may be some exaggeration in these complaints, but they are not wholly without foundation, and the blame must in part be borne by English traders themselves. As a class, they certainly do not display the energy that might be expected of them at a time when they can hope to hold their own only by being always on the alert for new openings for enterprise. They decline even to take advantage of knowledge gratuitously provided for them. For some time the Government has been issuing a most admirable series of Consular Reports as to the condition of trade in various parts of the world. These Reports are eagerly read by foreign manufacturers, who take care to profit by the suggestions of the writers, all of whom have the best means of

obtaining information about the matters with which they deal. English manufacturers pay hardly any attention to the documents which are of so much service to their rivals. Some of them do not even think it worth while to act upon hints privately forwarded to them by Consuls. A correspondent of the "Journal of the Society of Arts" says that the United States Consul at an important Spanish town lately wrote a report on stoves, and that he received thirty applications for further details from various firms in America. The British Consul of the town, seeing an opportunity for his own countrymen, wrote to an English firm that if they sent some stoves out at once they would be in time to anticipate the supply from the other side of the Atlantic. "The firm in question," we are told, "did not care to take the trouble, and the result has been that a large business, which the natives were ready to start, and which they would probably have preferred to carry on with England, has gone into American hands." This is not the spirit which enabled previous generations to build up the fabric of English prosperity. If our trade is to revive in good earnest, manufacturers and traders must show more anxiety to find out what is wanted in foreign countries, and to meet industrial demands promptly and intelligently.

**LONDON POLICE CELLS.**—An interesting little discussion took place on this subject in the House of Commons on Tuesday, and we hope the investigation will be pursued until a really permanent improvement has been effected. At present, it would seem that when a decently-dressed ordinarily well-behaved person is "run in" for some trifling offence, the penalty which he or she endures by being thrust into an evil-smelling receptacle among disorderly and foul-mouthed prisoners is far severer than that which is awarded next day by the magistrate. It is, moreover, officially admitted that the police-court cells are usually much overcrowded, so that the unlucky *détenu*, while waiting to be "brought before the Beak," often has his overnight annoyances renewed. This grievance has, however, in some cases been partially remedied by utilising the cells of the police-stations which, in six instances, are attached to the metropolitan police-courts. Far more than this is needed. We do not ask for sofas and cheval mirrors, but surely every cell should be well-ventilated, kept fairly warm in the cold weather, and as clean as such places can be. All noisy or disorderly prisoners should be promptly removed from the company of their quieter companions, and there should be a woman warder to look after the needs of members of her own sex. Such a reform as this ought not to cost much money, and it will probably be quickened rather than retarded by the cessation of the present anomalous arrangement which compels the country at large to defray the cost of the London police-courts. It would be far more wholesome if this expense were borne by Londoners themselves, for they would then, perhaps, take care to see that they got good value for their money, and that their police cells were not places of torture.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE EXPEDITION TO THE KAREN HILLS, UPPER BURMA," written by J. Rintoul Mitchell from materials supplied by Colonel Sartorius.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the SHAKESPEARE GALLERY and the SAVOY GALLERY, see page 524.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**  
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EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN, THE POINTSMAN. Misses Oliph Webb, Sophie Fane, B. D'Almeida, Howe, Pettifer; Messrs. Algernon Syms, J. B. Howe, Walter Steadman, E. Newbound, Bigwood, and Powerful Company. INCIDENT—TALES—Concluding with DEAF AS A POST. MONDAY, November 26. HELD BY THE ENEMY.

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TOY MAKERS and TOY IMPORTERS  
(English and Foreign) will be allotted SPACE FREE in best positions.  
PROBAND CONCERTS.  
"THE MESSIAH"—CHRISTMAS EVE.  
Orchestra of 70 Performers. Chorus of 300.  
FULL PARTICULARS WILL BE DULY ANNOUNCED.  
Prospectus and Applications for Space of Secretary, Winter Exhibition, Olympia, Kensington, London, W.

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**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

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## THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

READY on MONDAY, December 3.

WILL CONTAIN

the following Pictures printed in Colours:

Four Drawings by R. BARNES, R.W.S., entitled—  
"LITTLE MOTHERS,"  
Sixteen Sketches by W. RALSTON, illustrating  
"FAITHLESS NELLYGRAY"  
By TOM HOOD.  
Nine Sketches by MARIE, of  
"THE PERILS OF ILLITERATE CHILDREN."  
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN?  
Painted by J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.  
"THE FIRST ATTACK,"  
Painted by SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A. (Double Page.)  
"TWIXT TWO WORLDS,"  
Painted by A. HOPKINS, R.W.S.

"MR. ROW BAHAWDUR RAMCHUNDER GOPALDAS'S WEDDING PARTY."  
Six Sketches by Captain PENROSE.  
"A DAY OF MISFORTUNES"  
Thirteen Sketches by "MARS," after Miss EMILY LEES.  
"MARRIED MY WIFE ON SUNDAY."  
Married my wife on Sunday:  
Took her home on Monday:  
We both fell out on Tuesday:  
Bought a stick on Wednesday:  
Beat her well on Thursday:  
Wife fell sick on Friday:  
Kyghte glad was I by Saturday night  
To kiss and make friends on Sunday.  
Illustrated by Seven Water-Colour Sketches by PERCY MACQUOID, R.I.  
The Story is entitled—  
"PRINCESS SUNSHINE,"  
By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL

THERE WILL BE

### Two Presentation Plates

From the Pictures of Shakespeare's Heroines in "The Graphic" Collection.

Sweet Anne Page,

By G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

"The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company."

Juliet,

By P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

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Price One Shilling; by Parcels Post 3d. extra.

190, STRAND, LONDON.

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### THE PARNELL COMMISSION

"A MEMBER OF THE PRESS" indicates a sketch of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the editor of that enterprising little journal, *The Star*. Mrs. De Blaquiere, one of the witnesses examined on November 7th, is the widow of a farmer and landowner, County Galway. She gave evidence of sundry outrages which were perpetrated on her husband and family. Their house was fired into, their cows' tails were cut off, and they were severely boycotted, the reason given for this latter form of persecution being that Mr. De Blaquiere at a meeting of the Board of Guardians voted against a resolution condemning the Government for arresting Mr. Parnell. A subsequent witness on the same day, Mr. Alan Bell, district inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, displayed sundry

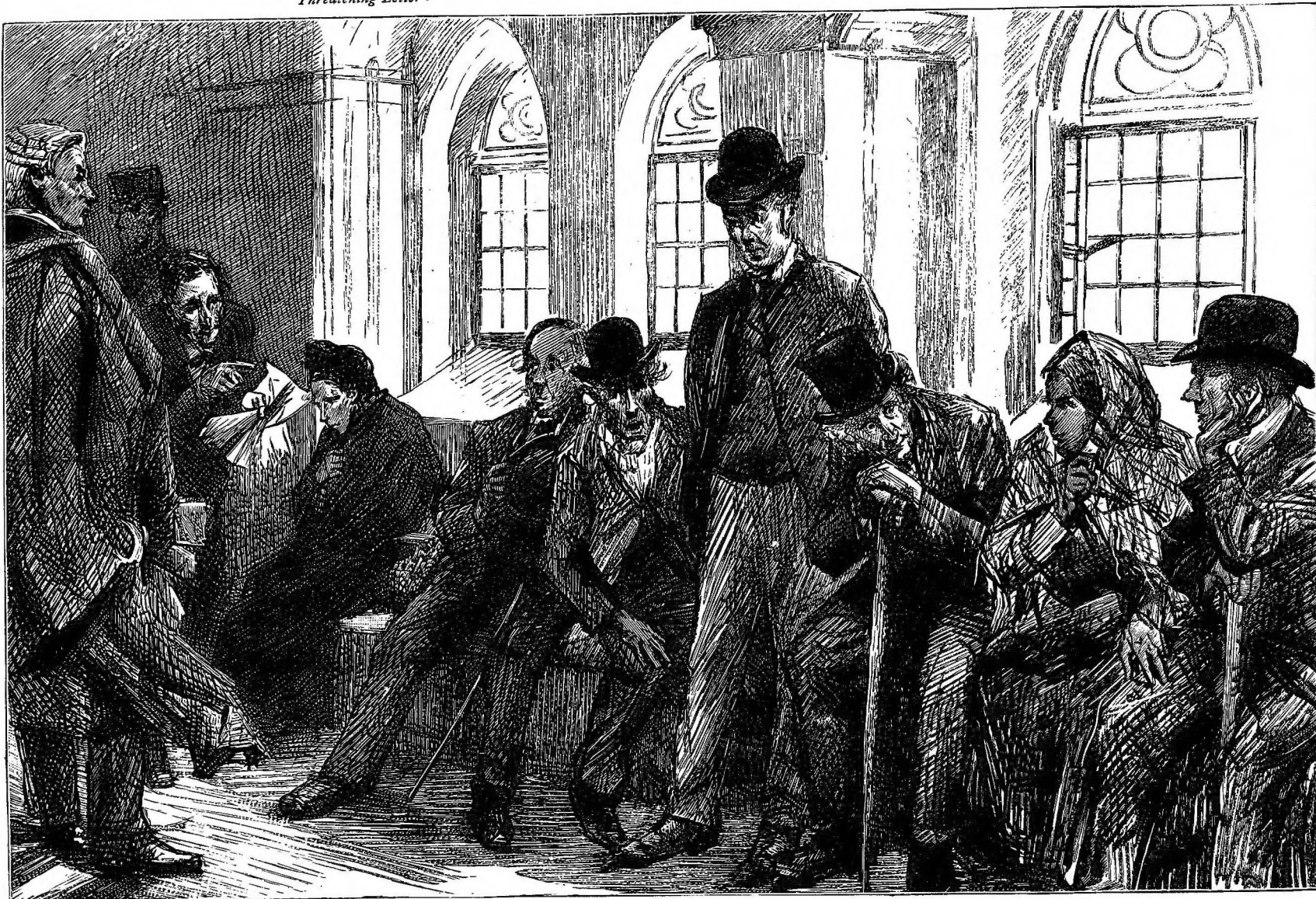




*The President Delivers a Ruling: "I myself have Received a Threatening Letter"*

*Mr. Murphy, Q.C.: "Where did you Hide?"  
John Kane: "Under the Bed, Sir"*

*"Do you remember the date of the Murder of your Husband and Son?"  
Mrs. Lyden: "Indeed and I do, Sir." (Here the witness burst into tears)*



*"The Next Witness—Irish Peasants Subpoenaed by the 'Times'"*



*Mrs. Caroline Blake, a Witness from Connemara*

*Sir Charles Russell: "I do not know what this Defence Fund was?"—"Well, I suppose it was to pay some man like yourself, Sir"*

*Mrs. Honoria Lyden*

*Mrs. Blake, Widow of Mr. John Henry Blake, the Murdered Agent of Lord Clanricarde*

# THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

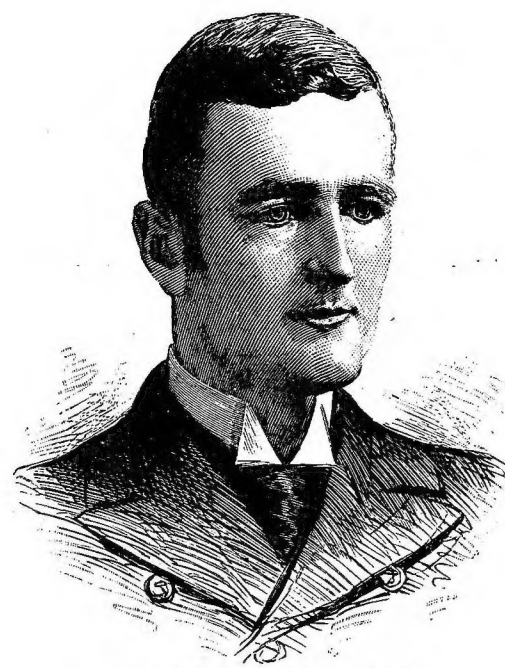




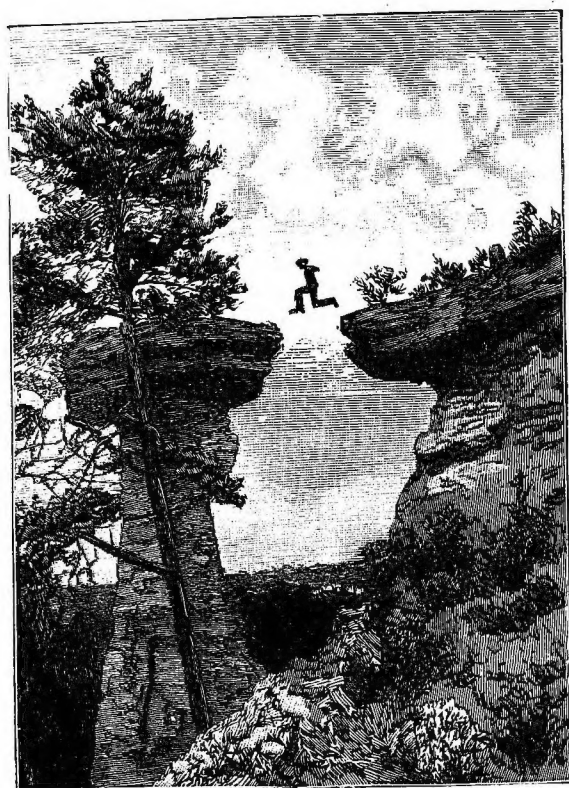
DR. NICOLAI FEODOROVITCH GAMALEIA  
The Russian physiologist who proposes to apply M. Pasteur's method of inoculation for the prevention of Asiatic Cholera



COLONEL ARTHUR CHICHESTER CROOKSHANK, C.B.  
Commanding the 4th Column of the Black Mountain Expedition  
Died October 24, 1888, of Wounds Received in the Skirmish at Kotkai



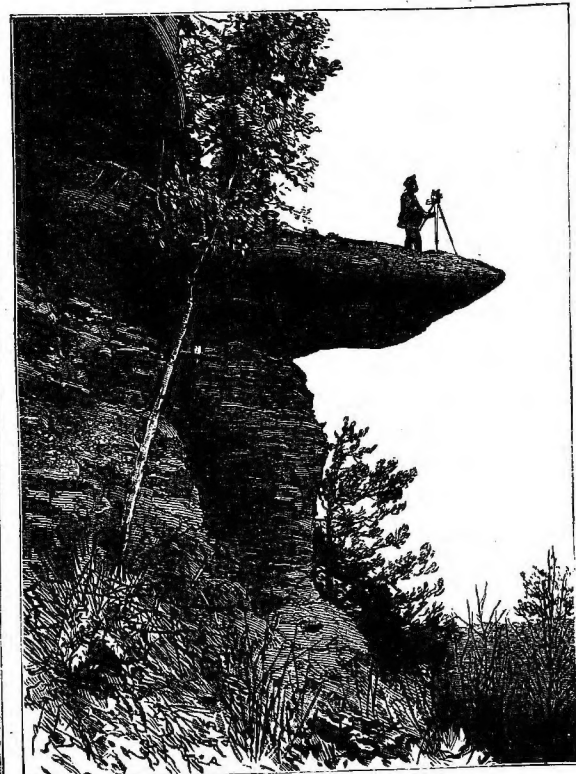
LIEUTENANT MYLES H. COOPER  
Killed at Pemba, near Zanzibar, October 17, 1888  
While Capturing a Slave Dhow



A PLUCKY LEAP ON TO THE "SHE" ROCK, WISCONSIN



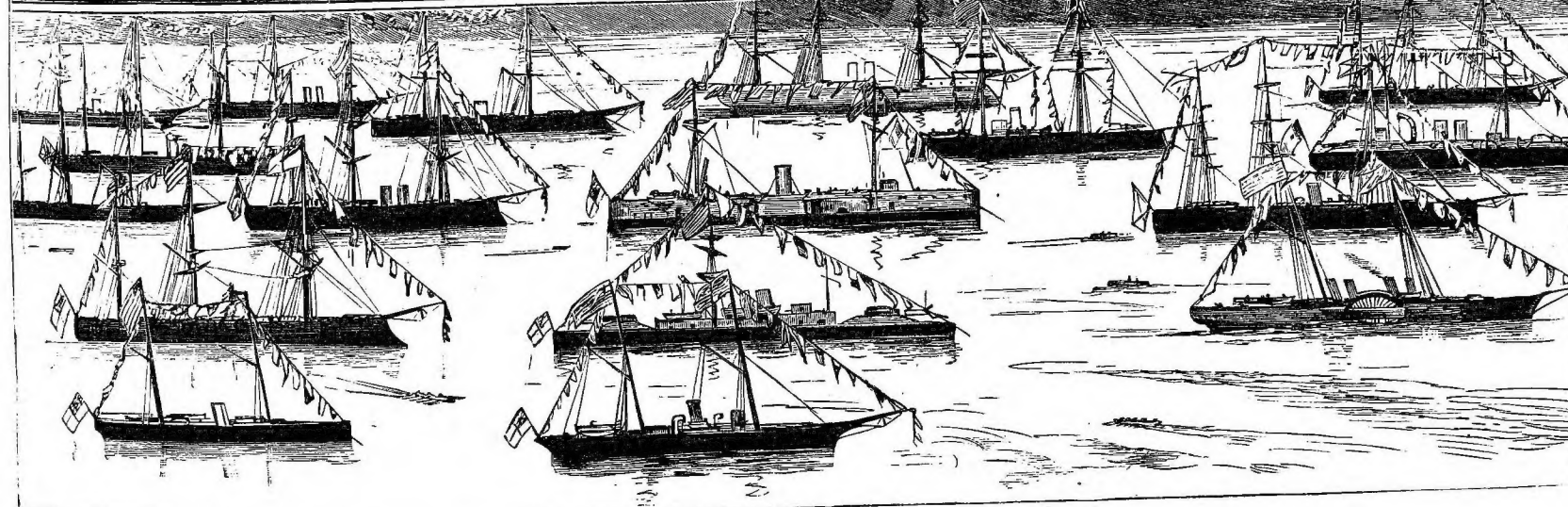
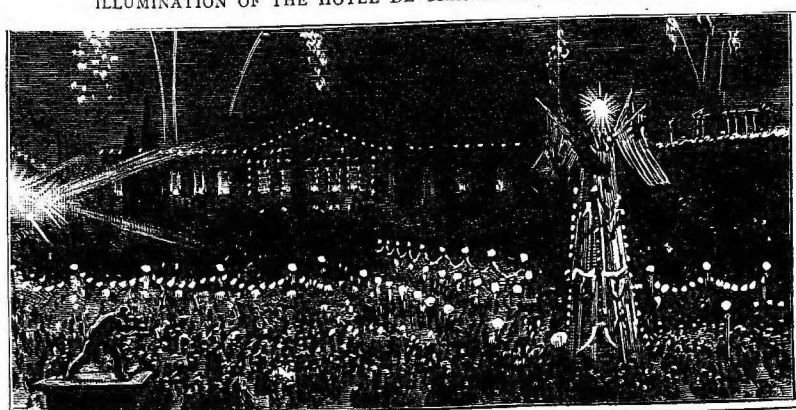
"YOUR HAND, MY BOY"



A FINE POSITION FOR THE CAMERA

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY IN WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA, U.S.A.

ILLUMINATION OF THE HOTEL DE GRANDE BRETAGNE, ATHENS



THE ASSEMBLAGE OF IRONCLADS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN POWERS OFF THE PIRÆUS  
THE JUBILEE OF THE KING OF GREECE



manifestoes and threatening notices which had been posted in the Athenry district of County Galway during 1881 and 1882. Several of the witnesses who were examined on the day following spoke only Irish, and for their benefit therefore an interpreter was engaged. Mrs. Bridget Kerrigan and her husband, Mathias Kerrigan, were both thus examined by Mr. Atkinson. Thomas Connair, another witness, a tenant of Sir Henry Burke, at Shrahananta, Galway, created some amusement by saying that he was fast asleep when he heard some shots fired. Patrick Small, of Aughrim, gave evidence of boycotting, and said he had not been to Mass since Christmas twelvemonth, because while on his knees he was called names and groaned at. On November 9th, Mrs. Caroline Blake, a widow lady, was examined at considerable length. The gist of her



PATRICK KENNEDY  
A Boycotted Galway Farmer.

observations was that until the agitation of 1879 began she had no trouble with the tenants. Afterwards her "herd" John Kane, an old man of seventy, who had worked for the family since he was eight years old, was examined. He spoke English imperfectly, and created some laughter by his ignorance of the word "boycotting," and by his description of how he hid under the bed when the moonlighters visited his cottage. It was he who, with an old-fashioned

Irish courtliness which is now becoming rare, said, referring to Mrs. Blake, "Her royal honour herself told me." Two other witnesses recalled ghastly memories; Mrs. Martha Lyden, whose husband and son were both murdered; and Mrs. Blake, widow of Lord Clanricarde's agent. As she and her husband were driving together shots were fired, killing him and wounding her. Another of our sketches represents witnesses entering the Court—it seems they were much crowded while waiting in the corridor; and another depicts Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., who amuses himself with drawing caricatures when he has nothing better, or worse, to do. When the Court resumed its sitting on November 13th some amusement was caused by the confronting of Patrick Kennedy with one of Mr. Soames's clerks, and Sir C. Russell fired



MR. SHANNON  
One of the Clerks of Mr. Soames, Solicitor to the Times.

off a small joke about his being exhilarated at the sight of the Shannon. Further details are given in our "Legal" column.

#### DR. GAMALEIA

DR. NICOLAI FEODOROVITCH GAMALEIA, who has recently gained considerable distinction in medical circles by his collaboration with Professor Pasteur in the vaccinal treatment for hydrophobia, by his successful inoculatory system for anthrax, or Siberian plague, and by his discovery of a vaccinal preventive against Asiatic cholera, is a native of Odessa. He studied for his degree at the Medical Academy of St. Petersburg, and, returning to Odessa together with the Russian Professor Metschnikoff, he commenced the first vaccinal experiments for anthrax which have led to such successful results. The yearly ravages among sheep and cattle, and occasionally among human beings, from this much-dreaded Russian pest are terrible. Dr. Gamaleia joined Professor Pasteur in 1885, and in 1886 established the first Russian Bacteriological Station at Odessa. During the twenty-seven months which have elapsed since its establishment, some 1,300 hydrophobia patients from all parts of Russia, Turkey, and South-Eastern Europe have been gratuitously treated. Dr. Gamaleia adopted a more intensive method than that pursued by Dr. Pasteur, with the result that the mortality among the patients treated in Odessa does not exceed one half per cent. Dr. Gamaleia, who is only thirty years of age, has been staying with M. Pasteur, and will shortly deliver before the French Academy of Sciences a full exposition of the successful results of his recent researches with regard to the alleged vaccinal preventive against Asiatic cholera, and his dissertation on this subject is likely to attract universal attention in the medical world. It is also stated that he will experiment upon a living subject, M. Foucher, a Parisian journalist, who has thus offered to risk his life for the cause of Science. Dr. Gamaleia intends to proceed to India in March or April next during the ordinary cholera season so as to practically demonstrate the efficacy of his method.—Our portrait is from a photograph supplied by B. Gottlieb, Odessa.

#### COLONEL CROOKSHANK

COLONEL ARTHUR CHICHESTER CROOKSHANK, C.B., who commanded the River column of the Black Mountain Expedition, and who died at Haripur, on October 24th, of wounds received on October 6th during a reconnaissance at Kotkai, was the eldest son of the late Captain Chichester Crookshank (51st Regiment), and grandson of Colonel Chichester Crookshank (33rd Regiment), a distinguished Peninsular officer. He joined the 35th Regiment in 1859, as an Ensign, and since that date has been continuously employed in India. He served in the Jowaki Expedition, 1877-8, against the Afreedees, including the various actions in the Bori Valley (Medal and Clasp). He also served in the Afghan War, 1878-79-80, in the operations in Southern Afghanistan, advance on the Helmund, and the reconnaissance of Thul-Chotiali. In Northern Afghanistan he commanded the 32nd Punjab Pioneers in the occupation of the Jellalabad Valley, and the action of Muzina (mentioned in the Despatches; Medal, Brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel). He was for some time Military Secretary to Lord Lytton, when Viceroy of India, and for several years one of the Secretaries in the Military Department; for services rendered in the latter capacity he was made a Companion of the Military Division of the Bath in 1887. The 34th Pioneers, of which he was Commandant, is a new regiment, recently raised by him for the Indian Government.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Bassano, Bond Street.

#### LIEUTENANT COOPER, R.N.

MYLES HARRY COOPER, son of Mr. Joshua Cooper, of Dunboden, Mullingar, Ireland, entered the Navy as a Cadet in 1876, and two years afterwards became Midshipman. In 1882 he received his commission as sub-Lieutenant, and in 1885 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. He was appointed in 1887 to the *Grifon*, on which vessel he was serving as second Lieutenant on the Zanzibar coast, when he met his death. At midnight, near Pemba, he was in the steam-cutter, chasing a large slave dhow. The Arabs fired a volley, killing Lieutenant Cooper and wounding two of the British sailors. They then jumped overboard, leaving the dhow, which was captured, with eighty-six slaves on board. Lieutenant Cooper's funeral at Zanzibar was an imposing spectacle, as all the officials, British and foreign, attended in full uniform. His father in writing to us simply says:—"The poor young fellow did his duty as long as any life remained in him."—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Hawke, 8, George Street, Plymouth.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC JOTTINGS IN MINNESOTA AND WISCONSIN

OUR illustrations are from photographs taken during a trip in these States. In one, some of the party are exchanging congratulations on having secured a fine specimen of "big game," in another, one of the members is fixing his camera on a ledge of rock, whence a remarkably fine view is to be obtained, while the third jotting represents a perilous jump, something similar to that which was achieved by Leo and Holly in Mr. Rider Haggard's well-known romance. Indeed, for this reason, the gentleman who has forwarded the photographs called the rock "She" Rock. "The picture of the jump," he writes, "was taken from life. The rock is in Wisconsin, near the Dalles of the Wisconsin River, and is about seventy-five feet high—the jump across being some eight feet. I believe the name is strictly Table Rock—about as definite and common as Lover's Walk, &c."

#### KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE—THE NAVAL DISPLAY

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of King George I. of the Hellenes was celebrated with much popular rejoicing and enthusiasm at Athens. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince George of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Russian Grand Dukes Sergius and Paul, and other distinguished personages visited the Greek capital to be present at the festivities. War-ships were sent by all the Mediterranean Powers to the Piræus to do honour to the occasion, the British squadron numbering six vessels, the *Benbow*, with her monster 110-ton guns, the *Edinburgh*, the *Alexandra* (the Duke of Edinburgh's flagship), the *Sultan*, the *Téméraire*, the *Carysfort*, and the *Surprise*. The festivities comprised the inauguration of an Exhibition, a grand "Te Deum" Service at the Cathedral, to which the Royal party went in grand procession, various State receptions, a ball at the Palace, and a general illumination and display of fireworks. The King and his family were received on their appearance in the streets with great enthusiasm, thus testifying how popular King George is with his people. On Monday last week the Duke of Edinburgh gave a grand luncheon on board his flag-ship the *Alexandra*, at which the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, the Russian Grand Dukes, the Greek Minister of Marine, and several foreign Admirals, and the Ministers of England and Russia were present. The British vessels were gaily decorated, and on the approach of the guests salutes were fired. At the luncheon the health of the King and Queen of Greece, of Queen Victoria, and of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were drunk with enthusiasm. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for our sketch writes: "I may observe that this jubilee is viewed as of great importance by the Greek nation, who take the opportunity of testifying to the world at large the really admirable progress they have made under the present King and Government. I have lately visited many Greek and Turkish ports, and have been impressed by the wonderful way in which the former nation is striding ahead, and leaving their old tyrants far behind in the mud. Railways are now open in all directions, and are in a flourishing condition, and trade and manufactures are surprisingly increasing."

#### THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION

OUR illustrations are from sketches by officers with the Expedition, and one represents the attack on the Doda Hill on Oct. 6th, in which our troops were completely successful, and the enemy lost forty killed and sixty wounded, our casualties being two men wounded. This hill was strongly held by the enemy, and was carried with much bravery by the 3rd Sikhs and the Northumberland Fusiliers. General McQueen directed the operations in person. The troops had to advance through heavy pine forests, over an excessively rugged and precipitous country road, impassable for baggage, and were met with a continuous fire from the enemy on either side. Thaima, two miles above Seri, was eventually occupied. The troops bivouacked there for the night, and the next morning retired, the General wishing to join forces with the River column. Another sketch shows an Akazai, one of those hardy warlike mountain tribes which have now given in their submission. Our remaining sketches depict some incidents of the campaign, and a curious contrast is shown in Nos. 1 and 3. In the first the officer bound for the front is setting forth in a comfortable railway carriage, which however he has very shortly to exchange for the far less luxurious mode of conveyance depicted in No. 3. He made a "successful start" from Naini Tal in a "dandy" in the most drenching rain, which on the day he left fell to the extent of twelve inches. The last sketch shows his bivouac for the night of October 7th, the first shelter he had obtained since he had left headquarters a week previously.

#### THE MELBOURNE CUP

NEXT to the Derby the race for the Melbourne Cup is one of the most popular events in the racing world. Australia is pre-eminently a "horsey" country, and when the contest takes place each successive November, representatives from all the adjacent colonies, as well as from the American Continent and the United Kingdom, are present on the course to the number of some 150,000, a pretty good crowd considering that 101 years ago there was not a white man on the whole continent. The most recent of these famous races came off on November 6th, with the following result:—Mentor, 1; Tradition, 2; Yeoman, 3.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. T. Smedley, 147, Avenue de Villiers, Paris. On page 519, will be found an article specially describing "Cup Day" in Melbourne.

#### A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA," VIII.

THE meaning of Mr. Horwood's sketches this week is fully indicated by the sub-titles. The unfortunate civilian who, at the invitation of a military officer, is anticipating the delights of an afternoon dance on board one of the men-of-war, finds that he has reckoned without his host, for one accident after another delays his friend, till at last he finds that he will be altogether too late (for this kind of entertainment is short and sharp), and is fobbed off by his over-occupied acquaintance with the promise that he shall be invited on some other occasion.

#### MILITARY PARACHUTING

NOW that cycling as a warlike expedient is engaging the attention of our military authorities, a correspondent humorously suggests, in the sketch which we now give, that in addition to our horse and wheel footmen a parachute corps, selected from Highland regiments, should be attached to the next flying column. The reason for selecting those of our gallant defenders who wear the "garb of old Gaul" is obvious. Their kilts will merely have to be fitted with the paragon frames commonly used for umbrellas, and at once the country will be provided with a devoted band of Baldwins, ready to swoop down on the foe from the clouds, like the eagles of their native mountains.

#### A GERMAN WORKING MAN'S COLONY

AMONGST suggestions made by the Mansion House Conference on the Condition of the Unemployed was that an Agricultural Colony or Training Farm might be tried in England as an experiment, and a sub-committee was accordingly appointed, with instructions to bring up at an early date further suggestions for the practical carrying out of the proposal, to take steps towards selecting a suitable piece of land upon which to begin operations, and to work out the matter more in detail in readiness for the reassembling of the Congress after the recess. This Committee has been busily at work, and we may shortly hear of the result of its labours. The idea is mainly taken from an experiment of Labour Colonies which is being tried in Germany, where there are now sixteen of these institutions, which are seemingly highly successful. An official report on the Colony in Wurtemberg, by Mr. Conyngham Greene, Secretary to the British Legation at Stuttgart, gives much information of interest. This Colony, of which we give some illustrations, was founded in 1883, when an Association formed for the purpose purchased for 2,500*l.* a farm of some 160 acres, called Dornahof, situated near Altshausen, and in the vicinity of Friedrichshafen, on the Lake of Constance. A Royal loan, without interest, of 750*l.* was obtained, and the existing buildings were enlarged so as to accommodate 150 destitute working men. Only those who are both able and willing to work are admitted, and these must be bound during their sojourn by the rules of the Institution, of which the chief aim is to find employment for men who cannot obtain work, and to reclaim those who have abandoned work so as to enable them to re-embark upon their original or other callings. Those who enter are clothed, fed, and supplied for a period of from three to four months, this being the appointed limit of time, so as to afford a chance to further applicants. The principal appeal of the Association to the public, therefore, is not one for money, but is especially directed to those who have the means of giving employment, whether in the trades or in the fields, so that the men leaving the Institution may be provided for. Many have secured good and permanent situations through its agency. The number of inmates is necessarily larger in winter than in summer, and accordingly all labour which can be conducted indoors is reserved for that time of year, and this with the ordinary work of the Institution, such as cleansing of rooms, plant, harness, &c., baking, tailoring, shoemaking, &c., together with the ordinary farm-work, keeps the colonists busy, for no assistance beyond a cook is allowed to them, all the other necessities of the management being made good by the inmates themselves. In one year 502 applicants were received in the colony, representing every variety of working men, and including some sixty different forms of trade and labour, ranging from baker or brewer to a waiter or school teacher. Of these at the close of the year there remained eighty-three in the institution, sixty-nine had been provided with situations through the instrumentality of the association, thirty-five had found employment for themselves, seventeen had been dismissed, seven had run away, four had been handed to the police, one had died, and the remainder had left the colony in an orderly manner and taken to the road again. As regards the expense, these 502 men were clothed and fed for an average period of seventy-five days at a cost of 30*s.* 6*d.* each in excess of the profits of the work which they had done.

#### "EXPEDITION TO THE KAREN HILLS"

See pp. 525 *et seqq.*

#### "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 529.

#### "THE MEYNELL HUNT"

THE song of "The Meynell Hunt," which we here illustrate from sketches forwarded to us by Captain McNeill, 130, Belgrave Road, S.W., being wedded to a good swinging melody, and possessing a rattling chorus, is very popular after hunt-dinners, and at college wine-parties, in mess-rooms, and other such convivial places. The rhythm of the stanzas recalls the still better-known ditty, "Then we'll all go a hunting to-day." As for the origin of the name of the Meynell Hunt, the volume of the Badminton Library which is devoted to hunting speaks thus:—"The glory of the Quorn dates from 1753, when the immortal Meynell began his mastership of forty-seven years. The hounds were then kept at Great Bowden Inn, which is on the borders of Northamptonshire; the master, or masters—for Mr. Boothby bore half the burden of the expenses—living at Langton Hall. A little later Mr. Meynell removed to Quorndon Hall, where the kennels now are, and thence the pack took its famous name." The hunt now known as the Meynell, however, occupies the country adjacent to Derby, Uttoxeter, and Burton-on-Trent. Mr. Reginald Chandos Pole is the master, Charles Leedham the huntsman, James Tasker and Walter Scorey the whips, and the kennels are at Sudbury, near Derby.





ON Monday the House of Commons, counter attractions in the provinces being played out, steadily settled down to the business of the Session, and has spent a useful, if not a brilliant, week. As occasional divisions have shown, the attendance of members has exceeded three hundred—a very creditable muster, which lends an appearance of homeliness to the place. No one looking down on the Assembly would imagine from its aspect that the time is November. In the bustle and prevailing eagerness of the scene it looks much more like the House of Commons before the coming of Whitsuntide has sapped its energies.

The Home Secretary had on Monday a little surprise in store for the crowded House. As usual, the paper bristled with questions dealing with the administration of the Police in London. Mr. Conyngham, still intent on making up for lost time, was responsible for several interrogatories on this subject; Mr. Cunningham Graham was burning with desire to retell his personal experiences; Mr. Bradlaugh and Professor Stuart were on the watch; whilst from the opposite side Mr. Gent-Davis, for the first time in his life cheered by the Opposition, was eager for the fray. It was in response to a supplementary question from Mr. Conyngham, introduced by the war, that Mr. Matthews made known the fact that Sir Charles Warren had resigned. A burst of cheering from below the gangway opposite hailed the glad tidings. There was a fresh rush of eager questioning, but the Home Secretary would add nothing more than the information, in itself curious enough, that the resignation had been proffered on Thursday, the 8th instant. Now, as every one knew, it was on Friday, the 9th, that news of the fresh murder at the East End had thrilled the throng gathered in the streets of London to greet the new Lord Mayor. It was naturally assumed that this fresh disaster, and the new evidence afforded of the helplessness of the police, had proved the last straw which had broken down Sir Charles Warren's effort to stand to his guns. The House was greatly puzzled to learn that the resignation had taken place some hours before the latest murder had been committed. On Tuesday the Home Secretary made full disclosure of the business. In a carefully-prepared statement read from manuscript he endeavoured to show that the resignation of Sir Charles Warren was directly and exclusively due to circumstances arising out of his contribution to *Murray's Magazine* of his famous article on the Administration of the Metropolitan Police. That step had been taken in contravention of a Minute passed by the Home Secretary in 1879, and which forbade officers connected with the Department discussing their business in public prints. In a very curt letter, the Home Secretary had brought this Minute under the notice of Sir Charles Warren, and peremptorily requested that in future he would observe its instructions. Sir Charles Warren made spirited reply, concluding by "again" offering his resignation. This "again" ruthlessly upset the little house of cards the Home Secretary had laboriously built up. Why "again?" the House asked, if the whole matter arose out of the obnoxious magazine article. Then Mr. Matthews was obliged to confess that there had been previous differences of opinion, and that this was not the first time Sir Charles Warren had proposed to solve the difficulty by resigning his post.

Progress in Supply has been slow, as far as the passing of votes is concerned; but the discussions have been unusually interesting. On Monday night Mr. Sydney Buxton brought under the notice of the House the payments received by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. Members learned, with a thrill of pained astonishment, that during the last ten years not less than 200,000*l.* had been paid from the State coffers to those eminent officials. For ten years the annual income of the Attorney-General had exceeded 11,000*l.*, the Solicitor-General drawing something over 9,000*l.* This is, of course, in addition to their private practice, which it is understood becomes permanently more lucrative from the time they take rank as Law Officers of the Crown. As far as the State is concerned, the emoluments of these Leaders of the Bar stand under two heads. The Attorney-General receives a fixed salary of 7,000*l.* a-year, and the Solicitor-General 6,000*l.* The balance is made up of fees conceived upon a liberal scale, and payable whenever contentious business on behalf of the Crown is undertaken. That is to say the Attorney-General receives 7,000*l.* a-year, and the Solicitor-General 6,000*l.* for performing certain duties, and whenever instalments of the work are undertaken, they are paid over again for doing them.

The House of Commons is never niggardly except when it is dealing with the salary of some obscure postmaster or the pension of some shelled servant of his country. No objection was generally taken to these munificent sums paid to the law officers. But it was claimed, not unnaturally, that, since they drew princely revenues from the State, they might at least be expected to give up the whole of their time to its service. This argument found an unexpected advocate in Sir Henry James. That learned gentleman, fresh from colleagueship with the Attorney-General in the Probate Court, argued with great force and earnestness against the Attorney-General's being permitted to take briefs marked 1,500 guineas, with refreshers of 100*l.* a day, or any similar or smaller sum received in private practice. The House listened with keen interest to this episode in the debate; whilst Mr. Biggar literally chortled in his joy, his shrill "Hear, hear!" resounding through the House whenever Sir Henry James drove home his argument against his learned brother, who in another place is known as leading counsel for the *Times*. Mr. W. H. Smith promising inquiry, the amendment was withdrawn.

Even a more interesting debate, with a decidedly more exciting finish, followed on Tuesday, when Mr. Jennings indicted the whole system of patronage and clerical administration of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Mr. Jennings is a Conservative member who, acting, as he does not attempt to deny, under the inspiration of Lord Randolph Churchill, has on more than one earlier occasion distinguished himself by well-directed attacks upon profligate expenditure in high places. Taking up the estimates lying unsuspected in everybody's hands, Mr. Jennings, in a very able speech, disclosed a state of things that, as Lord Randolph Churchill observed, exceeded in its forcible grotesqueness the most scathing pages of Thackeray or Dickens devoted to satirising official institutions. Clerks who came late and made up for it by going away early, who did nothing sedulously for as long as five hours in a working day, who took six weeks' holiday and disdained to accept less than 600*l.* a year—of such, according to Mr. Jennings, is the kingdom over which the Lord Chancellor rules. The Lord Chancellor himself was denounced, not exclusively from the Liberal Benches, as the chief jobber of the melancholy lot. Lord Randolph Churchill, recalling an incident which came under his official notice when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1886, publicly accused Lord Halsbury of having filled up the office of Official Referee, which, after inquiry, had been declared by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary to the Treasury as absolutely unnecessary. This disclosure in the debate made a profound impression upon the House, and led to evident consternation on the Treasury Bench, where it began to be seen the Government would, if they stood by the Lord Chancellor, be beaten in the Division Lobby. Accordingly,

first Mr. Goschen, then Mr. W. H. Smith rose and promised inquiry, beseeching the House not to divide. But a division was pressed, and a number of Conservatives saving the Government by walking out instead of supporting the amendment as they had shown a disposition to do, the vote was carried, but only by the narrow majority of Nineteen. On Wednesday the Police Vote came up, and furnished the text for conversation about the resignation of Sir Charles Warren, which lasted all the afternoon. It was only by the application of the Closure that at the last moment the vote was carried.



**POLITICAL.**—A banquet was given on Wednesday to the Premier and Lord Hartington by the Nonconformist Unionist Association, when those two statesmen received an address from the Irish Nonconformist Ministers of all denominations, strongly deprecating Home Rule. In his reply Lord Salisbury intimated that of nine hundred and seventy such ministers, eight hundred and sixty-four had signed the address, which was approved of by a large number who had not signed it, simply because as ministers of religion they scrupled to interfere in politics. Referring to Mr. Gladstone's continued concealment of his Home Rule policy, Lord Salisbury said that the Radical party were sailing under sealed orders, only to be opened when it had navigated to the genial zone of office. The talk about the self-government which Ireland is to enjoy under Home Rule the Premier dismissed with the incisive comment, "If three people are sitting upon two people, and rifling their pockets, you must not say that they are a group of five enjoying self-government." Lord Hartington made a cordial reply to the address.—On the same day, Mr. Goschen, addressing a Unionist gathering at West Bromwich, replied to Mr. Gladstone's Birmingham oration in a long and able speech, in which he referred sarcastically to the ex-Premier's sudden discovery of the iniquity of ground rents, and advocacy of the "one man one vote" doctrine, which he had studiously refrained from dealing with in his reform legislation of 1884.—Speaking at the Conservative Colston banquet at Bristol Sir M. Hicks-Beach said that at Birmingham Mr. Gladstone unfolded no scheme of Home Rule as a substitute for his old one, which was dead, because it was easier for him to win a cheer by denouncing the Government than to unite his followers in support of any definite scheme.—At the simultaneous Liberal banquet Lord Kimberley pronounced Mr. Balfour to be a perfectly-fitting instrument of a coercive policy, as he possessed a spirit of cynicism and mockery which made the iron enter into the souls of Irishmen.

**IRELAND.**—Mr. Sheehy, M.P., having been convicted at Killarney of using threatening language towards the police in the execution of their duty, was ordered to find sureties for his good behaviour, or, in default, to undergo imprisonment for a month. He refused to give sureties, and was lodged in Tralee Gaol.—At the instance of the medical authorities of Wexford Gaol and the Irish Prisons Board, Mr. W. H. Redmond, M.P., was unconditionally released on Monday, three weeks before the expiry of his sentence. He admitted that the officials of the prison had treated him with consideration, and spoke gratefully of the attention paid to him by its medical officer.—A Sligo man went to America, leaving his wife and children unprotected, and a considerable sum due for goods received to a tradesman named Coffey, who obtained an order for the amount. For this he was boycotted, and the boycotting was justified in a local paper, belonging to the Mayor of Sligo, who, among other amenities of the article, compared the unfortunate Coffey to Cain. Sentenced for the offence to concurrent sentences of four and six months' imprisonment, without hard labour, he appealed. The County Court Judge rejected his appeal, expressing regret at not being able to make his worship a first-class misdeed-mutant. The Mayor was removed to the district prison.

**A BERKSHIRE DEPUTATION**, introduced by Lord Carnarvon, who was one of its spokesmen, urged, in an interview with Mr. Stanhope, the advantages as a site for the new Wimbledon of a large area of down-land at Churn, close to the Didcot, Newbury, and Southampton line. Mr. Stanhope reminded the deputation that the decision lies with the National Rifle Association. The Council of the National Rifle Association met on Wednesday, and considered a number of suggestions as to the site of a new Wimbledon. No decision will be arrived at until the War Office has replied to the proposal for State aid.

**THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER** appeals to the public, in view of the advent of winter, to support the Society for the Relief of Distress, the funds entrusted to which are administered through volunteer almoners—the office-expenses being entirely defrayed by a guarantee-committee—working in co-operation with the clergy and local authorities in the poorest districts of London, without reference to creed or nationality. Its principle of operation is ample assistance after thorough inquiry. Subscriptions and donations are received by Messrs. Coutts, Strand, and by the Secretary, 15, Cockspur Street.

**MR. J. DOUGLAS PYNE**, M.P. for West Waterford, is, there is every reason to believe, to be identified with the passenger named Pyne, who either fell or jumped overboard from a Dublin and Holyhead steamer on Tuesday night, and whose body was not recovered.

**THE DEATH**, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, is announced of Field Marshal the Earl of Lucan, the oldest officer in the British Army. In the Crimea, he commanded the cavalry division, and became famous, like his brother-in-law, Lord Cardigan (whose sister he married), through his connection with the memorable charge of the Light Division at Balaklava. He was a Conservative, and elected member for Mayo in 1826. On his accession to the Earldom, in 1837, he became and remained until his death a representative peer of Ireland.

**OUR OBITUARY** includes the death, in her eighty-first year, of Miss Fanny Macaulay, daughter of Zachary Macaulay, and only surviving sister of Lord Macaulay; in her eightieth year, of the Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby, Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, and widow of the first Baron Aveland; in his seventy-second year, of Sir Richard Baggallay, an able Lord Justice of Appeal 1875 to 1885, Solicitor-General in 1868 and 1874, Attorney-General 1874 to 1875, Conservative M.P. for Hereford 1865 to 1868, and for Mid-Surrey 1870 to 1875; in his sixty-fifth year, of General Sir Charles H. Ellice, late Adjutant-General of the Forces (1876 to 1882), who specially distinguished himself during the Indian Mutiny, having been dangerously wounded at the defeat of the Jhelum mutineers, in July, 1857; in his eightieth year, of Major-General R. Mitchell, late R.M.; in his seventy-sixth year, of Colonel W. H. C. Wellesley, grand-nephew of the great Duke of Wellington, who served actively in various parts of the world during more than a quarter of a century, and who for many years was Governor of H.M.'s Military Prisons; in his seventy-fourth year, of Admiral Drury, who served with distinction in many parts of the world, both in naval warfare and in surveying expeditions; in his sixty-second year, of the Ven. J. H. Iles, Archdeacon of Stafford, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield; and of the Hon. F. J. Gregory, distinguished as an Australian explorer, afterwards a prominent official in Queensland, and latterly a member of its Legislative Council.



**A PARCEL POST TO NEW ZEALAND** has now been established. The rates are the same as to the Australian colonies—1*s.* 6*d.* for the first 2 lbs., and 9*d.* for each additional pound—and the first parcel mail was to be despatched this week in time to reach New Zealand by Christmas Day.

**CARRYING A BOOK** clasped in the hands when strolling abroad or walking about the house is the latest fad among fashionable New Yorkers who wish to be thought "blue." However, the contents of the book itself are not so important as the binding, which must match the hue of the owner's costume, or be condemned as in the worst taste.

**FLOWERS IN EAST LONDON** are cultivated with wonderful success, considering the many drawbacks and difficulties. There has been a capital chrysanthemum show at Stepney, supplied by the working men of the neighbourhood, who have cared for their plants at odd times after or before their day's ordinary work. The plants were mostly grown either under canvas, or in small grimy back gardens.

**THE CZAR'S FAVOURITE DOG**, which was killed in the recent railway accident in Russia, was named Malyutcha. It was a huge Siberian hound, with long white hair, and always slept at the foot of the Emperor's bed. During the day it stretched itself in its Sovereign's private Cabinet, and when an audience lasted too long would, at a sign from its master, pull at the skirts of the visitor who was outstaying his time.

**THE GREENLAND SNOW-SHOE EXPEDITION** has succeeded in crossing the country from east to west. Under the command of Dr. Nansen, the expedition started from the east coast near Sermilik-fjord on July 17th, and reached Godthaab, on the eastern coast, on October 4th, after a snow-shoe tramp of over eleven weeks. The greatest height reached was 10,000 feet. All the members were well. As the last Danish steamer has left Greenland for the winter, Dr. Nansen cannot reach Norway until May next.

**READING** is certainly not encouraged in Afghanistan. The Ameer has imposed such a heavy tax on all books and printed matter passing through his dominions as effectually to crush the lucrative book-trade between India and Central Asia. It is evident however, that Abdurrahman chiefly desires to check the circulation of treasonable proclamations which Ishak Khan spread at the beginning of his rebellion. Ishak wisely prepared for failure by sending his valuables into Bokhara, where he built a house under Russian protection.

**THE FIRST COINS** bearing the effigy of Emperor William II. of Germany have been struck at Hamburg, to commemorate the city being incorporated in the Customs Union. They are two-mark pieces, bearing the date of this event, with a suitable inscription on the reverse, the Emperor's head occupying the obverse. Some interesting new German tokens are being circulated, bearing the effigy of the late Emperor Frederick, with the motto, "Germany will never forget her Fritz," and the Emperor's last words to his son, the present Sovereign, "Learn to suffer without complaining."

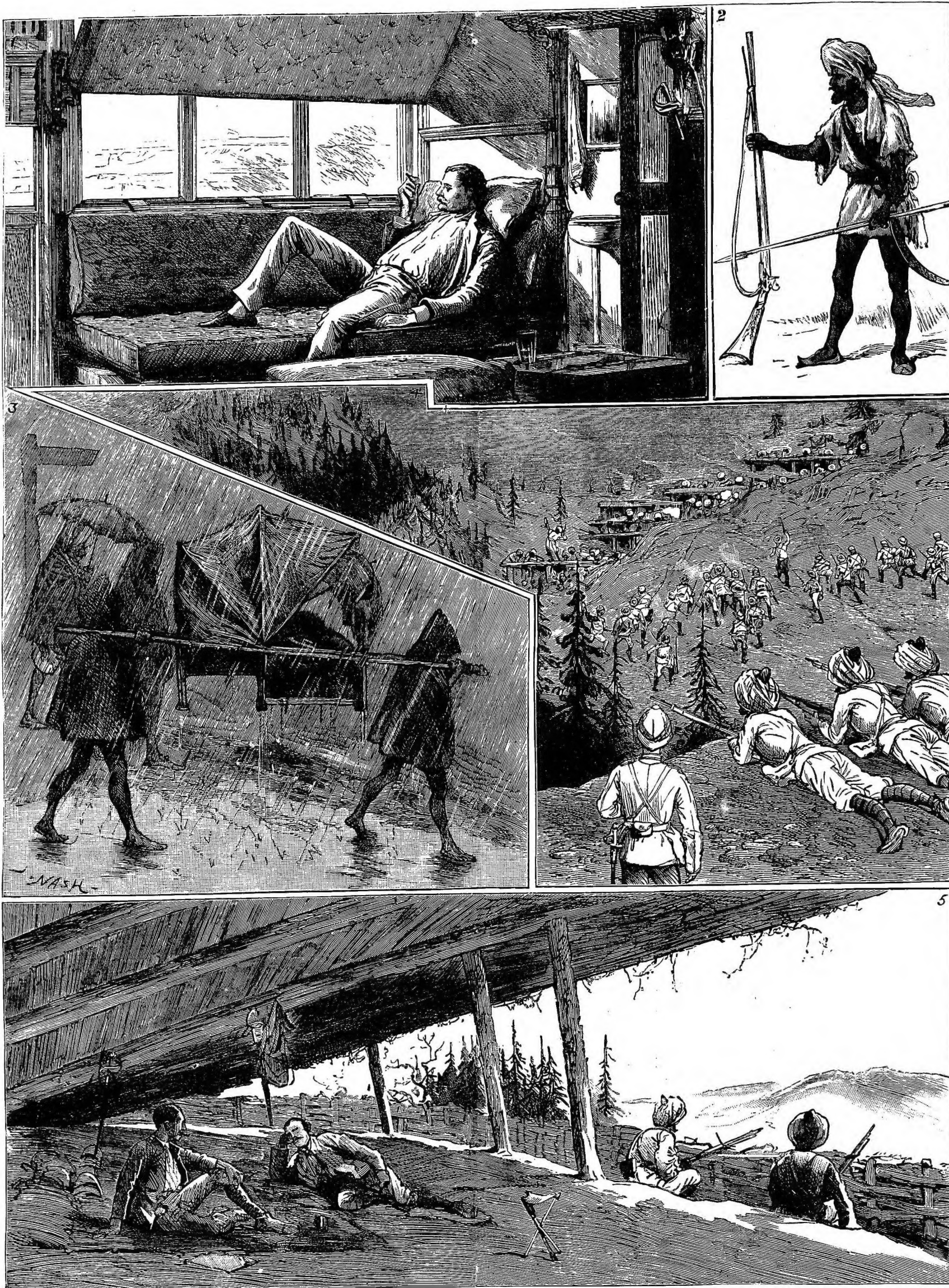
**THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION** closed on Saturday night, after a most successful six months' career. Altogether 5,748,379 visitors are recorded—nearly a million above the numbers at Manchester last year—and the gate-money reached 119,948*l.*, besides 45,265*l.* season-tickets. The number of visitors apparently exceeds that to the London Colonial Exhibition; but it includes the 350,000 entrances of attendants, and so the actual visitors fall 160,000 below those to the Colinders. The last day was the best attended throughout the whole six months—117,901 visitors; but many season-ticket holders passed the gates several times to swell the return. There will be a surplus of 40,000*l.*, intended to promote science and art in Glasgow. The late Irish Exhibition in London also rejoices in a small surplus (1,000*l.*), which will probably be given to various Irish charities.

**A GRAND MAORI FUNERAL CEREMONY** is in prospect among the Waikato tribes of New Zealand, who intend to remove to its ancestral resting-place the bones of Wiremu Tamehana (William Thompson), the hero of the Maori War with the British in the Sixties. Tamehana or the "Kingmaker" was a great patriot, and the war collapsed with his submission to the British. He died in 1867 and was buried in Matamata, and now the Maoris want to revert to their old custom of disinterring the body of a celebrated man after he has been buried some years, scraping the bones, and depositing them finally in some ancient burying-ground. The most celebrated of these old native cemeteries is on the Waipa—"Tangirau, the Place of a Hundred Wailings"—but the "Kingmaker's" bones are to repose in the ancestral burying-ground of the Ngati-haua tribe, on their own mountains.

**THE EVILS OF COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS IN ENGLAND**, which have just aroused so much discussion, seem very mild, compared with the severity of the similar trials in China, judging by the *North China Herald's* reports of recent provincial examinations. At Foochow the candidates underwent much suffering, and even death. One man went mad directly he saw the themes, and cut himself nearly to pieces with broken bits of pottery, a second also lost his senses, and began to eat mud. On the second day a candidate spit blood from over exertion, and died. Each student was in a separate cell, which was hurriedly run up, without any proper raised place for the men to sleep, so that many rolled off on the damp ground, and injured themselves, while one was stung to death by a poisonous snake. Thousands of students went up for the examination, but hundreds were plucked in the preliminary before the Literary Chancellor, who was exceptionally severe this year. The present examination rules have been in force for over a century, and are most strictly observed, no district being allowed more than a certain number of degrees. If any district offends, this number is reduced as a punishment; while the next year additional numbers will be allowed in honour of the Emperor's marriage. At each examination there are two chief and two subordinate examiners, with a corps of eighteen readers, who go through all the essays, and submit the best only to their superiors. Copyists then transcribe these essays in red. The examiners are shut up for five weeks. Hard-headed students who cannot get through after many efforts are accorded an honorary degree when they reach a venerable age—i.e., over ninety.

**LONDON MORTALITY** again decreased last week, and 1,520 deaths were registered against 1,613 during the previous seven days, a decline of 93, being 167 below the average, and at the rate of 183 per 1,000. There were 109 from measles (a rise of 21), 18 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6), 34 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 15 from whooping-cough (a fall of 4), 14 from enteric fever (a decline of 8), 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 16), and not one from typhus, ill-defined forms of fever, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 373, a decline of 68, and were 60 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths; 37 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Thirteen cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,770 births registered, against 2,373 the previous week being 70 below the average.

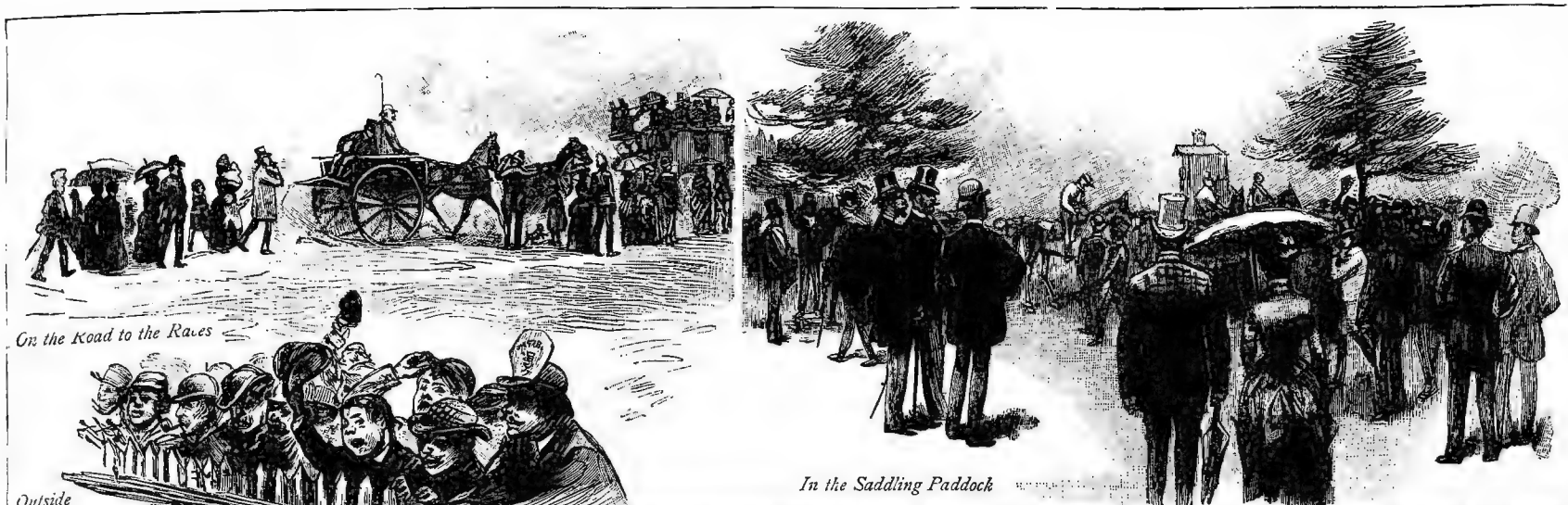




1. Off to the Front : Taking it easy in the Train  
 2. An Akazai  
 3. A Successful Start : Rain falling at the rate of ten inches in twelve Hours  
 4. Capture of Doda Hill by the Northumberland Fusiliers and the 3rd Sikhs  
 5. The Driest Roof over our Heads for a Week : One of the Tribesmen's Hill Shelters

THE FIGHTING ON THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, WESTERN HIMALAYAS





IN THE CARRIAGE PADDOCK—AN EXCITING FINISH  
THE AUSTRALIAN DERBY: THE RACE FOR THE MELBOURNE CUP





THE political campaign in FRANCE has assumed a somewhat new phase through a speech of the Marquis de Breteuil at Versailles, in which he declared that the Royalists looked to General Boulanger to upset the present régime. Then, he argued, the Royalists, on becoming "the majority in the majority" would be joined by waverers and former opponents, and the restoration of monarchy would be a legal revolution effected by the French Democracy. In a sketch of the history of the Royalist party during the past decade, he pointed out that the alliance with the Republicans had proved a failure, and that any attempt to continue Frohsdorf traditions and boldly unfurl the Royalist flag would mean isolation, rupture of all alliances, and a long period of impotence. For this reason he advocated making common cause with the Imperialists and "the malcontents of all kinds," so as to overthrow the present Constitution, and give the people a chance of once more pronouncing for a Monarchical Government. As M. de Breteuil is the Comte de Paris's trusted henchman, he was undoubtedly speaking with his authority, and thus General Boulanger will henceforward be supported by Bonapartists, Royalists, Boulangists (whoever they may be), and what Lord Salisbury would term the "mass of uninformed feeling" in general, though it is doubtful whether his Monarchical and Imperial alliances will strengthen the General's position. To be regarded as the champion of Monarchy and the Empire is hardly the way to win the French peasants' vote, while the inevitable contest for the spoils by the various parties to this coalition when the present régime is demolished is far from an enticing prospect. The Republicans Proper are highly delighted at all this, for at least they can go to the country as a homogeneous party with one governing principle. As for General Boulanger himself, he has maintained a discreet silence up to the present. There is little further news of outside interest save that, in the debate on the War Estimates, M. de Freycinet held out no hope that the annual regular military expenditure could be brought below 22,000,000*l.*, with an additional lumpsum of 20,000,000*l.* for extra defensive preparations. In PARIS the trial of Prado for the murder of Marie Aguetant has been the chief topic of the day, that clever criminal being found guilty and sentenced to death on Wednesday, the only other incident being the opening of the new Pasteur Institute on the same day.

GERMANY is chiefly occupied with the preparations to blockade the East Coast of Africa in conjunction with England, and the arrangements for this have now been completed. The blockade will extend along the whole coast line of the German Concession. The German ships *Sophie, Carola, Möwe, and Leipzig* will cover the coast from Tanga southwards to Mainia Island, whence the British ships the *Boadicea, Garnet, Griffon, Algerine, and Peregrine* will continue the blockade to the Rovuma River. The British boats patrol Pemba, and H.M.S. *Agamemnon* will be stationed off Zanzibar. The British Consul-General has issued a Circular warning Europeans in the interior of the possible coming dangers and the necessity for extreme caution, and it is anticipated that during the blockade communications with the interior from the blockaded coast will probably be entirely suspended. England, just now, is in good odour in Berlin official circles, where Lord Salisbury's Mansion House speech has been commented upon with much favour. Having obtained British co-operation in blockading Eastern Africa, the Germans are now asking how the blockade, without corresponding land operations, is to accomplish the end in view. The blockade, they remark, cannot continue indefinitely, and, as soon as it is raised, the slave dealers will at once resume their nefarious trade. As for the German East African Company, it is nearing the bottom of its purse, and there is further talk of its reconstitution upon a fresh basis. Should Germany decide to undertake any land operations, they will not be conducted by German troops, but by a body of Colonial troops, of whom the organisation is now under consideration. Turning to Home Affairs, there has been another onslaught upon Russian finance, and yet another official rebuke of France for her hostile attitude. The large sums asked by M. de Freycinet for military purposes have aroused highly unfavourable comment, while the *North German Gazette* swoops down upon the *Rappel* for suggesting that, as the Foreign Legion contains 8,000 Alsacians, that body should henceforward be known as the regiment of Alsace-Lorrainers. The fact that M. Lockroy, a French Minister, is the proprietor of the *Rappel* is cited as a proof that his colleagues concur with him in his endeavours "to foment and instigate to war," so that everybody could see who would be to blame were the maintenance of peace to become impossible. The Germans themselves are the last to abandon any preparation for war, and are said to be now manufacturing an entirely new weapon with unprecedented destructive powers, while a German officer of high rank has gone to Rome to advise the Italian military authorities on the question of mobilisation in the event of joint co-operation with Germany in a campaign.

In ITALY the warlike feeling continues, and the recent outspoken language of the Pope has intensified the feeling that, unless fully prepared, the Italians will have to sustain a sharp struggle to preserve Rome from again falling into the hands of the Vatican. It is undoubtedly for this that Signor Crispi holds such bitter language towards France, and that Italian armaments are being so strengthened and increased. The chief military organ sums up the general feeling by stating that "France will never be able to count on the neutrality of Italy. . . . A success of French arms, facilitated by our neutrality, would be soon and bitterly felt by Italy. After a victorious war with Germany, war against Italy; after Berlin, Rome; this is inevitable. The Italian statesman who in this emergency should hesitate an instant to take the only possible resolution would betray his country, and expose his name to the well-deserved vituperation of future generations." The somewhat alarmist spirit running through Lord Salisbury's speech also is quoted by the "official" journals as showing the necessity for Italy to look well to her armaments.

There has been some serious rioting in SPAIN at Seville and Madrid, owing to popular demonstrations against the Conservatives. At Madrid a large crowd awaited Señor Canova's arrival at the railway-station, and on his appearance saluted him with an outburst of whistling, cries, and hooting, and ran after the carriage pelting it with stones—it being subsequently found necessary to protect it with an escort of mounted gendarmes. The demonstration was resumed in the afternoon, when 4,000 students hissed and whistled before his house, afterwards going in a body to the Conservative Club. All assembling in the streets was subsequently forbidden by a proclamation of the Governor. The demonstrations are of course condemned by the Moderate journals, and a strong protest will be made by the Conservatives in the Cortes when that body meets on the 30th inst. They are considered to be meant as a reply by the Liberals to Señor Canova's statement that his party intended to do all in its power to re-enter the councils of the Regency. The Liberals profess to be essentially loyal, and greet the Queen and infant King with every mark of respect whenever they appear in public.

In INDIA it appears that after all the Black Mountain campaign is not at an end. One tribe, the Chagarzais have declined to make formal submission, and are stated to have gathered with

twenty-four standards near Bidal. Shots are still fired into the British camp by night, and it is pronounced hardly politic to withdraw the troops so hastily, as more must be done before these wild mountaineers can be reduced to obedience. Detailed reports state that Gholam Hyder's recent victory over Ishak Khan was mainly—if not—wholly due to the continuous fire which the Afghan regulars were able to maintain with their Martini-Henrys; neither Ishak's troops nor those of Mohamed Husain could stand the fire, and ultimately broke up in utter disorder. Lord Dufferin will probably leave Calcutta on December 10th, and will go overland to Bombay, and on December 14th embark on the P. and O. steamer *Kaiser-i-Hind* for Europe. A long letter has been published by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, giving his reasons for which the Congress agitation must be held to be both objectionable and mischievous. He comments on the character of the political tracts issued with the report of the Madras Congress, in which the British Government and the English officials are described as "unjust, inconsiderate, and reckless," and while the Administration is thus grossly misrepresented there is no recognition of the true educational, judicial, and commercial condition of India, which, in addition, has been assured a term of years, unknown to less fortunate Europe, of a profound, unbroken peace.

THE UNITED STATES, having elected General Harrison by 239 votes to 162 cast for President Cleveland, is now busily speculating with regard to the constitution of the new Cabinet, and the details of the President Elect's political programme. It is generally believed that Mr. Blaine will not become a member of the Ministry, preferring a senatorship. Mr. Chamberlain was to be married on Thursday at Washington to Miss Mary Endicott. The ceremony would take place at St. John's Church, but was to be strictly private, owing to the recent death of the bride's grandfather, President and Mrs. Cleveland, the members of the Cabinet, and a few intimate friends only being invited. A collision took place last week between the *Umbria* and a French steamer, the *Iberia*. No lives were lost, but the *Iberia* subsequently sank off Long Reach. The *Umbria* had a hole in her bow four feet high and two feet broad, but, after being patched up, started again on Monday on her voyage to England.

In AUSTRALIA the appointment of Sir H. A. Blake to the Governorship of Queensland has excited great opposition in that colony, and Sir Thomas McLlwraith, the Premier, has telegraphed that it was received "with general indignation and astonishment." The Premier adds that Sir G. W. Griffith, the ex-Premier, agrees in condemning the appointment. The Queensland Government had previously asked that the name of the proposed new Governor should be privately communicated to the Colonial Ministry beforehand—a request which Lord Knutsford very naturally declined, stating that it was impossible that Colonial Cabinets should share in the responsibility of nominating a Governor. Lord Knutsford has asked for the succinct reasons of objection to the appointment; but these are undoubtedly due to the fact that Sir H. A. Blake, when resident magistrate in Ireland, displayed considerable energy in endeavouring to maintain order, and that he is consequently highly distasteful to the Irish element, which constitutes so large a portion of the Queensland population.—CANADA is going to invite the Australasian Governments to send delegates to a conference to consider trade relations between the colonies, and especially the question of cable communication across the Pacific.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice were expected at Windsor from Balmoral yesterday (Friday) morning. During the close of their stay in Scotland Her Majesty and the Princess spent a day at the Glassalt Shiel, and paid numerous farewell visits round Balmoral. Princess Frederica and her husband came to the Castle to take leave on their departure south, while Lord Knutsford, the Minister in attendance, also left. On Saturday night the Rev. Malcolm Taylor dined with the Queen, and next morning officiated at Divine Service before Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice. The Royal party were to leave the Castle on Thursday afternoon, travelling all night as usual.

The birthday festivities at Sandringham closed on Saturday by the Prince and Princess of Wales' party attending the meet of the West Norfolk Hounds at Hillington. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor and the Duc d'Aumale, joined the run, but the young Princesses were merely present at the meet. The Duc d'Aumale and several guests left in the afternoon, other visitors remaining till Monday, and accompanying the Prince and Princess and family on Sunday to St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. R. T. West preached. On Monday the party dispersed. The Prince of Wales went straight to Derby, where he was present at the races, and stayed with Lord and Lady Hindlip at Doveridge Hall. He went again to the races both on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on the latter day visited the Derby Boys' School, where he addressed the students. On Thursday he would go to Burton to inspect the breweries, and subsequently return to town. The Princess, with her second daughter, Princess Victoria, and Prince Albert Victor, has gone to Copenhagen for the festivities commemorating the accession of her father the King of Denmark. The Royal party crossed from Dover to Calais on Monday night, and travelled to Kiel, whence they steamed to Copenhagen.—Prince George of Wales is on his way home from Athens.

The Empress Frederick of Germany and her three daughters are expected to reach England on Monday next on a visit to the Queen, who will meet her daughter at Port Victoria. Princess Christian, who has been at Wiesbaden for some weeks under treatment for her eyes, would join her sister *en route*, and the Royal party would cross from Flushing in the *Victoria and Albert*, and would be met at Flushing by the Prince of Wales.—Princess Christian will open a bazaar at St. John's Hall, Stamford Hill, on the 28th inst., in aid of the funds of St. John's Church.—The Duke of Edinburgh has returned to Malta with the Mediterranean Squadron, and the Duchess left Athens on Tuesday to rejoin her husband. She had remained behind for the betrothal of her youngest brother, the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, with Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Greece, which was formally announced on Saturday. The bride-elect is eighteen, and her fiancé ten years older.—Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught are travelling to India in the *Kaiser-i-Hind*, but will only remain with their parents during the cold season.

"WHO CAN REMEMBER NAPOLEON I.?"—Mr. Herman Merivale writes as follows from Naples: "Some few weeks ago I was in the Campo Santo at Bologna looking at the tomb of Countess Vuoli, Murat's daughter, surmounted by the statue of her father in cavalry-dress, and found out that Murat's younger daughter, 'Luigia, Marchesa Rasponi,' is still living, *et. ninety-two*, in good health and preservation, at Ravenna. She was, therefore, nineteen in 1815, when Napoleon I. was dethroned, and her father was shot, and considering the relationship (niece), must remember the first perfectly."



THE PRIMATE (who was succeeded in the chair by the Bishop of London) presided at a large public meeting convened by the Bishop of Bedford and the Council of the East London Fund to promote its objects. The Archbishop spoke of the hopefulness of thoughtful men as to the East End, where were to be noted the success that had already attended their efforts, the existence of a religious feeling in the hearts of the poor, and the fact that so many men had given themselves to the work of the fund, sacrificing life and health for its sake. The Bishop of Bedford and his predecessor, the Bishop of Wakefield, also spoke hopefully of its prospects.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM has informed the clergy of his Diocese that, in strict obedience to medical orders, he is obliged to leave it for a long rest, and to seek a warmer climate as the only chance of ever regaining health and strength. With the opening of next year he hopes to procure for the Diocese the permanent aid of Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Tasmania.

THE REV. ROBERT J. WILSON, Warden of Radley, was elected on Wednesday to the Wardenship of Keble College, Oxford, vacant through the appointment of the Rev. E. S. Talbot to be Vicar of Leeds.

A MEETING OF CLERGY AND LAITY, summoned and presided over by Archdeacon Denison in consequence of the impending prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, adopted a declaration condemning all and any legal proceedings taken in relation to "manners of worship." The Marquis of Bath, Earl Nelson, and Viscount Halifax were among those who took part in the proceedings.

THE ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS are transmitting to the Pope a sympathetic address protesting against the contemplated legislation of the Italian Parliament, which they describe as having for its object to fine and imprison any Italian who "shall venture to write or speak in defence of the rights of the Holy See and of the Catholic world."

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the Committee of the Congregational Union there have been prepared "lantern views," with suitable readings, as one of the means of celebrating the tercentenary of the Armada and the bicentenary of the Revolution of 1688, and, "we may suppose," the *Nonconformist* adds, "of interesting and educating young folk in the great part which Independency has played in the history of our country." The subjects of the slides include not only such as "Drake's Fire-Ships Among the Spanish Armada," but "The Execution of Two Brownists" and "The Burning of Elizabeth Gaunt."

AMONG THE CANDIDATES for the election to the new London School Board there are twenty-seven clerics, eighteen of them Anglican, one Roman Catholic, and eight Nonconformists.

A STAINED GLASS WINDOW in memory of the late Sir Watkin W. Wynn has been unveiled in Ruabon parish church. Another in memory of the late Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key, in St. Luke's, Maidenhead, with the inscription, "He sat down and taught the people out of a ship."—The Primate unveiled on Wednesday, in Croydon Church, the restored tomb of Archbishop Whitgift.



THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Winter season at St. James' Hall was inaugurated last Monday, when the thirty-first annual series of Popular Concerts commenced. Except that, during the recess, the Hall had been re-decorated (though not re-seated) there was little of special interest to chronicle. There may, it is true, have been an exceptional meaning in the enthusiastic applause which came from stalls, gallery, and orchestra, when four of the best and most accomplished artists of the Popular Concerts quartet ascended the platform to play the favourite "Rasoumowsky" in C. Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti of course were entitled to their due share of welcome. But the audience took special notice of the fact that Madame Norman Néruda, the acknowledged queen of lady violinists, now for the first time came before the London public as the wife of her old musical associate, Sir Charles Hallé. A bride is always popular, but Lady Hallé has, by long and loyal service in all that is best and highest in music, so well earned the affection of Popular Concert goers, that the repeated bursts of cheering undoubtedly had special significance. Miss Fanny Davies, too, had a capital reception. She gave one of her best readings of Beethoven's variation on a theme from the "Eroica" symphony, despite a slip in the thirteenth variation, which was hardly noticed by the audience, although it obviously disconcerted the youthful pianist. The programme likewise included Schumann's pianoforte trio in D minor, and Miss Lisa Lehmann sang charmingly three songs, two of them, somewhat conventional though they may have been, by herself. An agreeable feature of the first Monday Popular Concert was the resolute refusal of all the artists to accept encores. An encore at a ballad or miscellaneous concert may be excusable enough, but at these art functions it destroys all sense of proportion, compels the director, for fear of making the programme (with encores) too long, to omit certain favourite works, and is, from a logical point of view, hopelessly inexcusable.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—There were no novelties of importance at the Fifth Crystal Palace Concert, as the two songs sung by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, and taken from the recently published full edition of the master's works, are by no means representative of Beethoven at his best. The Haydn "Salomon" Symphony in B flat was admirably performed by Mr. Manns' orchestra, the beautiful adagio, as usual, being singled out for special applause. Miss Ethel Bauer played Mr. Saint Saëns' eccentric concerto in G minor, and her brother Vieuxtemps' *Fantasia Appassionata*, each of these clever young performers deservedly securing a recall. The concert ended with a Wagner selection.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert season has now begun in earnest. Next week will be added to the list the Hackney Choir, who on Monday will perform Handel's *Joshua*, it is said for the first time in London these forty-one years; the London Symphony Concerts on Tuesday; and the Ballad Concerts on Wednesday.—During the past week some interesting performances have been given. We may, for example, mention Mr. Murby's *Elsa*, a charming little fairy-tale set to appropriately-tuneful and simple music, and performed by a party of highly-trained juveniles at Brixton on Monday.—On Saturday, Miss Marie Wurm, once a pupil of Madame Schumann, gave a creditable recital at Prince's Hall, and might have secured a larger audience if the programme had been better selected.—On Tuesday, Mr. Isidore De Lara gave his first vocal recital at Steinway Hall, introducing a somewhat conventional drawing-room song, entitled "You," by himself, and a far better song, "En Chemin," by the Franco-Irish composer Miss Augusta





THEATRES

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS  
II.

MR. PETTIT'S new romantic drama, *Hands Across the Sea*, which has been successfully launched at the PRINCESS'S Theatre, tells once more the old story of the faithful wife and gallant husband persecuted by a villain, who scruples not to plot against the honour and fair fame of the lady, while he conspires to involve her loving partner in a false but plausible charge of murder. All the art which an experienced playwright has brought to bear on the evolution of picturesque situations at the ends of acts—or "good curtains," as they are technically called—does not suffice to banish from the mind of the spectator the fact that he is seeing what he has seen many times before under only slight variations. The tremendous fight between Mr. Henry Neville and the warders of the prison, who fall right and left under the blows of their English prisoner's fists, takes place, it is true, in the gloomy interior of La Roquette, in Paris, where the guillotine is awaiting its victim; but, after all, it is the same gallant and impossible fight which Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt himself have so often favoured us with, though these earlier conflicts have taken place, as a rule, on British soil. So it is with most of the other leading incidents. On the other hand, the piece is, with one or two slight exceptions, constructed in a workmanlike fashion; and the acting in the fourth act, wherein Mr. Neville, as a hunted fugitive from the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, takes refuge aboard the Australian packet-ship which is conveying his wife together with one or two staunch friends and one or two implacable enemies to Sydney, is really truthful, powerful, and affecting. If Mr. Neville's rather too uniformly blithe and benignant tone and bearing in the earlier scenes offend by their excess it must be confessed that this actor made something more than amends in the scene wherein, broken down by misfortune and privations, yet buoyed by a joyful hope to which he dares not wholly give way, he hears once more the voice of his wife. Miss Mary Rorke's performance in this scene, though necessarily wanting in the same rugged power, was tender, womanly, and full of true passion. It is a pity that so forcible and affecting, yet so moderate and truthful, a performance as this should be followed immediately by so stale a piece of clap-trap as the captain's defiance of the hectoring French officer who, with his company of marines, has boarded the British ship, and demanded the instant surrender of the fugitives. French officers, unless, like the hero of the well-remembered incident in Madagascar, they happen to be insane, should be credited, even in a romantic drama, with some common sense, and some knowledge of the law of nations, or at least with some acquaintance with the rules laid down by the Government for the guidance of its officers. This is the more regrettable because to have depicted things as they were likely to happen under such conditions would have been quite as effective for the purpose of the development of the story; though it would have sacrificed the opportunity of a cheap appeal to the Chauvinism of the gallery. It must in justice be allowed that Mr. Edmund Gurney as the captain of the English packet did nothing to heighten the absurdity of this scene, in which he is represented as quelling the haughty spirit of the French officer and his marines by the simple utterance of a defiant speech. On the contrary, this actor's manly and moderate style served greatly to relieve the scene of its inherent vulgarity. There is some not very refined comic business in the form of frequent bickerings between Miss Webster and Mr. Garden—the former being a young lady with decided matrimonial intentions, and the latter a young man from the country, who is curiously blind to the lady's inclinations. Mr. Pateman plays with power, but with something too much in the way of elaboration, the part of a rascally gambling-house tout and confederate of the arch villain of the piece, who, by the way, is represented by Mr. Abingdon very cleverly, after the fashion of Mr. Willard. The new play was received with uproarious applause; and notwithstanding its shortcomings it seems likely to enjoy a prosperous run.

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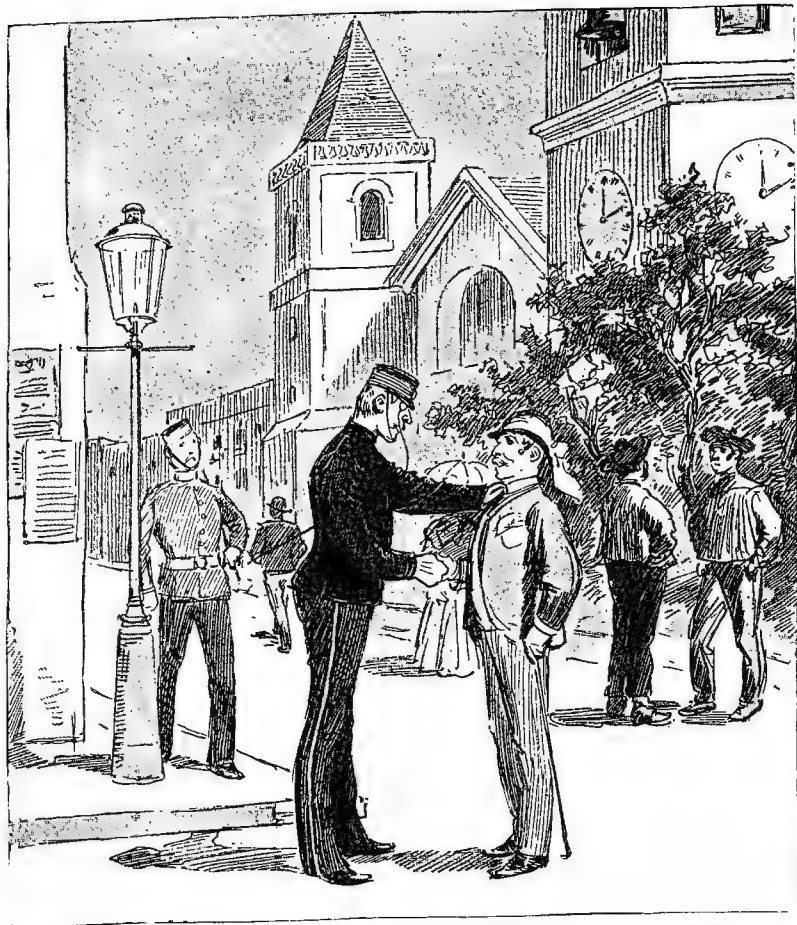
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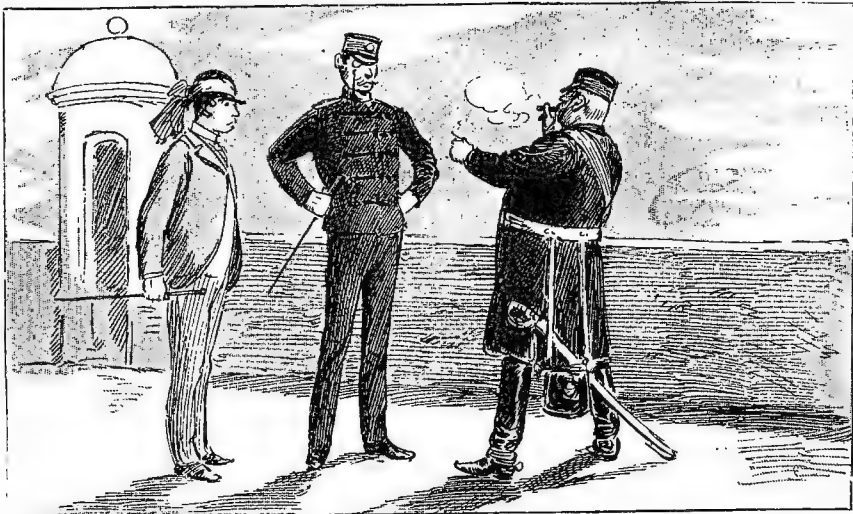
"COME WITH ME TO AN AFTERNOON DANCE ON BOARD THE 'ALEXANDRA'"



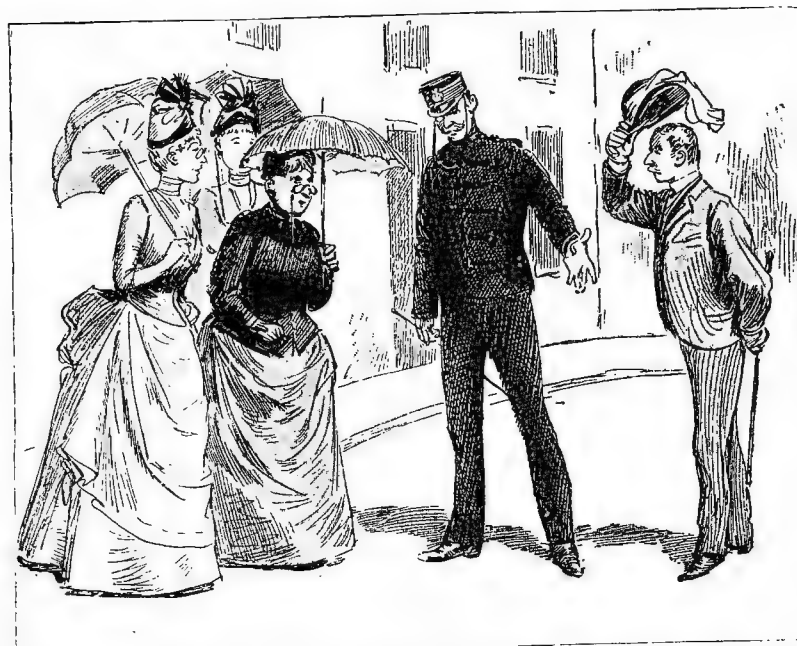
"WE MUST BE QUICK OR IT WILL BE OVER," SAID HE, AS WE DESCENDED THE STEPS OF SAN GIOVANNI



HALF WAY DOWN HE ENCOUNTERED A FRIEND



AND FURTHER ALONG ANOTHER: "WE REALLY MUST HURRY"



BUT MEETING HIS COLONEL'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS, AN INTRODUCTION FOLLOWED



THEN HE HAD A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO AN OLD FELLOW IN HIS FISH SHOP



AND JUST LOOKED IN AT ANOTHER SHOP FOR SOME CIGARS TO SMOKE GOING ALONG



FINALLY, WHEN AT LAST IN THE BOAT, HALF WAY ACROSS THE HARBOUR, HE SUDDENLY RECOLLECTED HE HAD FORGOTTEN—IN HIS HURRY—TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT CALL; AND THE BOAT WAS PUT ABOUT. "ANOTHER TIME, OLD FELLOW, YOU'LL COME, WON'T YOU?"

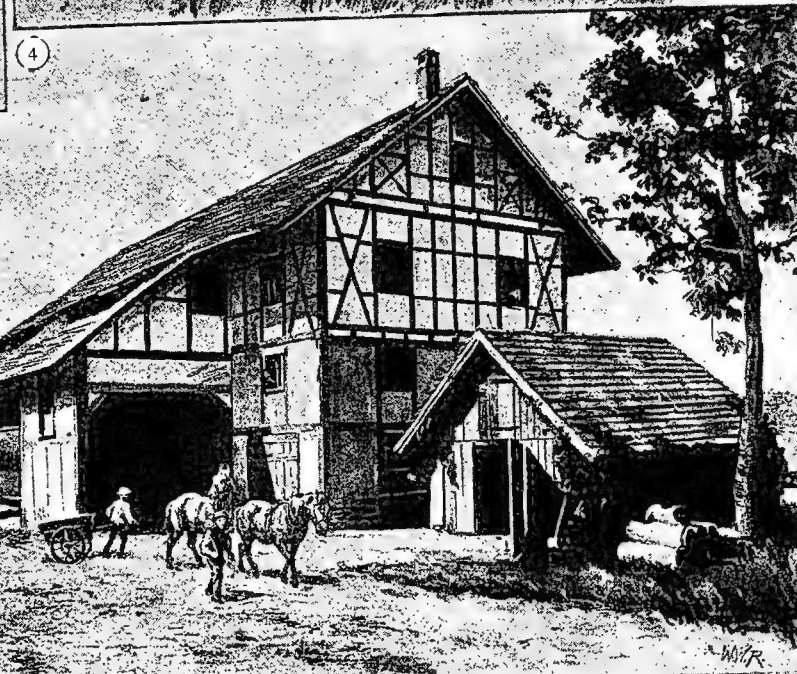
A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA," VIII.—GOING TO AN AFTERNOON DANCE ON BOARD H. M. S. "ALEXANDRA," AT MALTA

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD





A SUGGESTION FROM A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT WHO HAS SEEN PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S DESCENT



1. General View of the Farm Lands 2. General View of the Colony 3. Some of the Colonists in their Working Clothes, with Overseers and their Family 4. Main Building, containing Sleeping and Recreation Rooms, Store Rooms, Workshop, and Sick Quarters

ONE WAY TO SOLVE THE "UNEMPLOYED" DIFFICULTY

SCENES AT THE LABOUR COLONY AT DORNAHOF, WURTEMBERG

A Sub-Committee of the Mansion House Conference on the Condition of the Unemployed is now considering a similar Scheme for England



Albertus secured the Chatsworth Plate. A 7 lbs. penalty, however, prevented the last-named from repeating his victory next day in the Chaddesden High-Weight Handicap, which was won by Delaware; Iddeleigh secured the Osmaston Nursery Handicap from Davenport and Pinzon; and Hawthorn, Grey Friars, and King Monmouth were the placed horses in the Derby Handicap. The seal was set to a historic reputation when in the Elvaston Castle Selling Plate Tortoise won the race.

**FOOTBALL.**—Two matches in the London Charity Cup Competition were played on Saturday, but in neither was a definite decision arrived at. At Leyton the Old Etonians and Old St. Paul's scored four goals each, while at the Oval neither Casuals nor Old St. Mark's could score a point. A draw also was the result of the League Match between Preston North End and Aston Villa, but Burnley inflicted an unexpected defeat upon West Bromwich Albion. Preston North End easily defeated Stoke on Monday, but during the match two of the players exchanged blows. Fisticuffs at football are becoming a great deal too common. The Association should suspend any player guilty of such conduct. Oxford beat Old Westminsters, but suffered defeat from Aston Villa and the Corinthians. Notts Forest drew with Clapton.

The Anglo-Australian team returned to London on Monday, all well. Two of them did not take long in getting to work. Dr. J. Smith helped the Casuals to beat Forest School on Tuesday, and A. E. Stoddart (at whose return Blackheath footballers and Middlesex cricketers alike will rejoice) represented London against the United Universities on Wednesday, when the Londoners won. Even without Stoddart, however, the Blackheathens were able to beat Somersetshire, but Richmond was compelled to succumb to Newport, and London Scottish was only able to make a draw with Oxford University, whose chances for the 'Varsity Match are evidently better than they were thought at the beginning of the season. Cambridge beat the Harlequins. The New Zealanders were beaten by Halifax, but, *en revanche*, defeated Newcastle-on-Tyne and Hartlepool Rovers. Before their tour ends, they ought to be matched against the returned English fifteen. As usual, Yorkshire beat Northumberland, and the Midland Counties beat Surrey.

**ROWING.**—At Oxford, the University Coxwainless Fours was won, for the first time in the history of the race, by New College, which beat Brasenose in the final. In the winning crew was Lord Amphyll, late Captain of the Boats at Eton, who has a good chance of being the first peer to represent his University at Putney (Lord Cloncurry was the Hon. Valentine Lawless when he rowed for Oxford in 1859).—At Cambridge, the Clinker Fours were won by Selwyn College, and the Colghoun Sculls by Mr. S. D. Muttelbury, President of the C. U. B. C.—Teemer and Searle are likely to be matched to scull for the Championship of the world. It will be long, we fear, ere the old country will furnish a competitor.

**ATHLETIC SPORTS.**—P. Cannon, of Stirling, did a wonderful performance last week. Owing to his fast time in a four miles race a short time ago, he was backed to beat Jack White's record of 19 min. 36 secs., which had stood for twenty-five years. The Exhibition Recreation Grounds were specially lit up for the occasion, and at eight o'clock, in the presence of about 10,000 spectators, a start was made. At three miles Cannon was inside record, and he finally completed the whole distance in 19 min. 25-25 sec.—a truly marvellous performance.—One athlete, at any rate, benefitted by the result of the Presidential Election. Duncan Ross, the well-known strong man, and conqueror of Donald Dinnie, won enough on General Harrison to enable him to retire from the profession.—Lord Mayor Whitehead, as the world now knows, was once a famous high-jumper—Champion of England, indeed. "And yet," as one of the crowd remarked on the Ninth, "he doesn't seem able to make any show now."

**BILLIARDS.**—Taylor pulled up most gamely on Friday and Saturday last week, and after seeming to have all the worst of the spot-barred match with Cook, finally won pretty easily. This week Peall and North are contending, spot-barred, at the Aquarium for a prize of 50l. At the time of writing Peall had obtained a long lead.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The late Mr. Tom King, ex-pugilist and bookmaker, left more than 50,000l., for which we fancy his exertions in Tattersall's Ring, and not those in the Prize Ring, were chiefly responsible.—For the third time in succession Juggler won the National Trotting Association Challenge Shield at Alexandra Park on Monday. The shield has become the absolute property of his owner, Mr. T. Whitehead.—Arthur Shrewsbury returned from the Antipodes with the football-players. Notts cricket will look up next season.



## RURAL NOTES

**ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER** came this year just a fortnight before time, the warm weather, which is not infrequent in the second week of November, marking the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of October. The average temperature of those four days was as high as 60 deg., and it was the contrast rather than the absolute cold that made the November change seem like a sudden arrival of winter. The cold rain has certainly been very unpleasant in towns, but in the country it has proved beneficial to the October-sown wheat, as well as to those "catch crops" which every autumn are becoming of more and more importance to the farmer. It has, unfortunately, failed to check the threshing and market delivery of new wheat and barley which is now coming on at the weekly rate of sixty thousand qrs. of the former and one hundred thousand qrs. of the latter cereal. Condition, it need hardly be said, suffers most markedly from this inopportune proceeding, and with condition, price. The lifting and storing of roots has been only locally interrupted, for the rains have been intermittent, and of the nature of chilly showers rather than of a flooding description. That is to say, over most parts of England, for in the Lake District the downpour has been almost unprecedented. At Grasmere, from October 10th to November 10th, fifteen inches were registered. Farther north than Grasmere, on the Scottish border and in the Pentland district there are fields of oats still out, and in Northumberland a little wheat was, at least as late as November 1st, still uncut. The bean crops, in many parts, although cut and remaining in stook, are scarcely in fit condition to stack, the stalks and many of the pods being still full of sap, and green.

**CATCH CROPS** formed the subject of discussion at the November Meeting of the Farmers' Club. Mr. Bernard Dyer, the well-known county analyst, introduced the question in a paper, which particularised a number of crops to be sown on stubble immediately after harvest, and folded off, or cut for soiling, in spring, before the period of sowing the ordinary fallow crops. The sorts which Mr. Dyer recommended were trifolium, tares, rye, winter barley, and stubble turnips, of which he said "it may be claimed that, while increasing the available acreage of arable land, and so indirectly diminishing its rent, the use of these 'catch crops' increases the live stock-carrying capacity of the former, tending, at the same time, to economise rather than diminish its fertility." A good crop will also outgrow and overtop the weeds, which would otherwise flourish on the vacant ground. Nothing in nature really lies fallow.

**GRASS-LANDS.**—The controversy which has been going on for half-a-dozen years as to the best grass-mixtures for the nourishment of grazing stocks, seems at the present moment to be taking a reactionary turn. At all events, very weighty evidence from experiments at Downton and elsewhere is being adduced as to the value of some of the grasses which had previously been condemned. The sorts which are being rehabilitated seem to be principally perennial rye-grass and white clover. As these grasses constitute the backbone of many of our finest grass-lands, the attack upon their utility was a matter of direct concern to a number of leading agriculturists. In twenty-five turfs planted at Downton for examination, and taken from good grass-land in as many different counties, twenty-one showed rye-grass to be the most abundant sort, cock's-foot coming second, white clover third, and meadow clover fourth, in order.

**CATTLE.**—We learn from Mr. Thornton's "Shorthorn Circular" just issued, that at fourteen sales held during the past three months, 639 animals were sold to purchasers, whose names are given, for the sum of 14,920l. 19s., giving an average price of 23l. 7s. 3d. per head. During the same three months 163 pedigree shorthorns were sent to South America, which is now our principal outlet for breeding cattle, seven to the United States, two to Canada, and seven to all other countries.

**APPLES** seem freely obtainable in America at 7d. to 1s. per bushel, and when farmers are told to increase the cultivation of fruit they must not look for large profits. In these islands, some of the best wheat in the world is grown—the climate suits it—and our orchards, also, produce excellent apples; but other countries, in fruit-growing, are more favoured than the United Kingdom for apples, pears, plums, peaches, &c. Still, the employment of evaporators, refrigerators, and other processes for the preservation of what we do grow, may be generally recommended.

**SEED-WHEAT**, as ordinarily dressed by farmers—pickling it before sowing—to safeguard it from smut and other diseases, usually gives fair results, the English yield per acre being superior to that of other countries. But a simpler process is now recommended, plain water instead of chemicals, and experiments recorded in the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal* infer, that if the grains be steeped in water, heated to 127 degs. and not beyond 133 degs., the seed will be protected efficiently.

**THE HORSE SHOW** to be held next Spring at the Agricultural Hall is arranged on a very big scale. The big gathering is to include the entries of thoroughbreds and hackneys, and the auspices of Royal Commissioners, Royal Agricultural Society, Hunters' Improvement Society, and the Hackney Horse Society.

**THE BRITISH DAIRY INSTITUTE** was opened this week at Aylesbury, and will owe its support mainly to the enterprising British Dairy Farmers' Association.—The Dairy School of the Bath and West of England Society, at Shepton Mallett, is now also in operation.



**THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.**—At the meeting of the Commission on Tuesday, the President announced the decision of the Court on the admissibility, previously disputed by Sir Charles Russell, of certain statements made by witnesses. A more important as well as more generally interesting intimation of the President referred to the contents of the "black box," which it had been left to the Court to examine, and then deal with as it thought fit. Among them were letters purporting to be written or signed by Mr. Parnell, but known by the *Times* to be forged. Some of these are to be "disclosed" to the counsel for the persons inculpated, because, Sir James Hannen said, by way of illustration, it might possibly be shown that they are in the same handwriting as the letters and signatures produced by the *Times*, and maintained by it to be in that of Mr. Parnell. The Court has decided that they are the only documents to be disclosed, because the disclosure of the others, by making known the names of witnesses to be called, might subject them to intimidation, the President adding that he had received one threatening letter. Sir Charles Russell said that he himself had received two or three. Among the witnesses examined on Tuesday were two Irish farmers, Mannion and Flaherty, who had been both Land Leaguers and Fenians, and had joined parties of Moonlighters engaged in perpetrating outrages, of which they gave details, along with accounts of the deliberations and conversations of his associates. Mannion persisted in saying that the Land Leaguers in his district had all of them been Fenians, and that he had never heard of Fenians or other secret societies before the establishment of the Land League. On this point he was severely cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, with the view of impugning the accuracy of the statement. One of his incidental statements was to the effect that if a Fenian disobeyed orders he was shot. The witness Flaherty, who had ultimately quarrelled with the Land Leaguers, represented himself to have been, while one of them, sworn not to pay rent, and "to be true to the Irish Republic." Another important witness, Edward Flanagan, deposed to having gone to New York in 1879, the year of Mr. Parnell's and Mr. Dillon's visit to the United States, and that he was there cognisant of the collection of money to purchase firearms to be sent over to Clare by Meaney, who was a member of the Land League in Ireland and a prominent leader of the Irish National League in the United States. On returning to Ireland in 1885, the witness received two revolvers from Meaney, and on landing was arrested and got three months' imprisonment for having arms illegally in his possession. His statements regarding Meaney, which were elicited in order to indicate a combination for criminal purposes between the Nationalists in Ireland and those in America, was objected to, but admitted by the Court. He was cross-examined so that his answers might suggest the suspicion that Meaney having since died had been pitched upon by the witness as a person who could not of course contradict him, but he adhered to the assertion that he had never heard of Meaney's death. Among the police-officials examined was James Murphy, a district inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who was cross-examined to show that he could not mention one case of a charge of direct intimidation in his district for refusing to join the League. This week, as formerly, it has been an object in examining the witnesses to prove that what is called "land-grabbing" was not visited by outrage and boycotting, or, indeed, by the enmity of a man's neighbours, before the establishment of the Land League. In the course of Wednesday's proceedings Sir Henry James applied for certificates of indemnity under the Act to Mannion and Flaherty, who in their evidence had criminated themselves. But the Court thought that the application should stand over for a time.

**THE ELABORATE JUDGMENT** delivered this week by Mr. Justice Kay *in re the Faure Electric Company (Limited)*, which is now being wound-up, was chiefly important, practically, in so far as it dealt with a question brought for the first time before the Chancery Division to be directly adjudicated on. This is the legality of the practice, believed to be common, of the payment by Directors, out of the funds of their companies, of brokerage and commission to brokers, and other agents, who induce the public to

take shares. Mr. Justice Kay decided that the practice is illegal and ordered the Directors of the Faure Company to repay with interest the 2,485l., which they had thus expended.

**THE RIOTOUS PROCEEDINGS AT LILLIE BRIDGE** in September last year, consequent on the collapse of the foot race arranged between Hutchens and Gent, has formed the subject matter of the first action brought under the Riot (Damages) Act of 1886. The plaintiff, Mr. Gunter, lessee of the ground, claimed damages from the Receiver for the Metropolitan Police District as compensation for the injury done to the property on that occasion by the disappointed crowd. His manager, Mr. Gilbert, and a Mr. Lewis, to whom the ground had been let for the race, were present at the riot. The Solicitor-General, for the defendant, contended that the plaintiff could not recover, as the rioters had received ample provocation, and that it was the duty of the plaintiff, or of his representatives, Gilbert and Lewis, to have made some effort to pacify the people before the riot broke out. Mr. Justice Mathew sustained this plea, observing that Gilbert had never attempted to explain to the crowd why the race would not be run, and he gave judgment for the defendant, with costs.



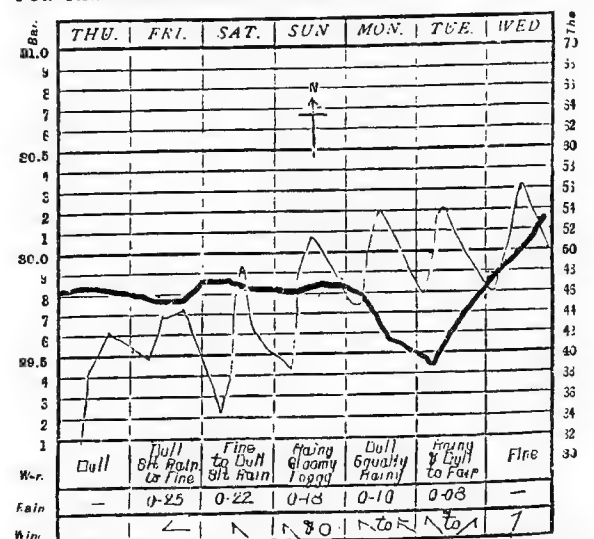
**MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.**—A group of four songs of more than ordinary merit, which have already made, or surely will make, a favourable impression wherever they are heard, consists of "A Ribbon and a Flower," written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and Joseph Barnby—a sweet and pathetic poem allied to appropriate music; "The Ripple of the River," words by Alfred Inch, music by Frank L. Moir; "The Arab's Troth," written and composed by John Muir and Thomas Hutchinson; and "Ask Not," the very tender words by Clifton Bingham, music by Maude V. White. All these songs are written in three keys.—A quaint *morceau* for the pianoforte is "La Pompadour" (a Court Dance), by E. Boggetti.—Well suited for after-dinner performance is "The Sepoy March" (Indian Patrol), by Celian Kottoun; the melody is original, and will catch the duldest ear.—Tuneful and danceable is "Belle Etoile Valse," by Theo. Bonheur.

**MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.**—A pretty and simple song is "Lullaby, My Darling" (*herceuse*), words and music by Jenny Maude.—Three pleasing songs for the drawing-room are, "Our World," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and H. Martyn Van Lennep; "The Dew is Sweet to the Lily," the sentimental words by Mr. Jarvis, music by R. B. Addison; and "A Fireside Dream," written and composed by Alfred Inch and Frank L. Moir. This last-named song will be asked for again and again, and please wherever it is heard.—"The Queen's Jester," a merry little *gigue* for the pianoforte, by E. Boggetti, will be first favourite in the schoolroom, and command an *encore* in the drawing-room.—A new composer of dance-music has entered the lists, and is likely to take a good position amongst his fellows. "The Dromiroff Polka" and "Still is the Night Valse," both by B. Brigata, are excellent specimens of their school.

**MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.**—Elegantly got up, in a gay binding, no more pleasing birthday gift for a musically disposed child could be found than "Dainty Ditties," a collection of old nursery rhymes, with new tunes, by Frank J. Allen. Some of these tunes are very taking—others are not so good.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1883.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (14th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week has remained rough, unsettled, and rainy in most parts of the United Kingdom, but more especially so in the North-West and North. Throughout the time a large area of high pressure has hung persistently over Scandinavia or its immediate neighbourhood, while low pressure systems have skirted our Western Coasts in a northerly direction. A southerly (South-East to South-West) current of wind has therefore prevailed in all parts of the British Islands, and while it varied in strength from moderate to strong breezes over the major part of England, fresh gales were reported in the South-West, and who's gales on the extreme West Coasts of Ireland and East Coasts of Scotland. Heavy rain fell almost daily over the South of Ireland, and very frequently at some of the South-Western Stations, while squally, showery, and very dull weather prevailed in most other places. Copious precipitation took place in the course of the twenty-four hours ending 8 A.M. Tuesday (13th inst.) over a considerable area of the country, the largest amounts measured (an inch to an inch and a quarter) being reported from the North-East of England, the North, and West Coasts of Wales, the North-East of Ireland, the South Coast of England, and in the extreme North with the week a South-Easterly gale was still blowing in the extreme North with a falling barometer, but elsewhere the wind (South-Westerly) had lulled considerably, with a brisk rising barometer, and although the sky still remained cloudy, little or no rain. Temperature was decidedly low at the commencement of the period, with slight frost at night over the home districts, but as the week progressed a steady rise went on until at the end of the time it was well above the average over the greater part of the country.

The barometer was highest (30.13 inches) on Wednesday (14th inst.); lowest 29.42 inches on Tuesday (13th inst.); range 0.71 inch. The temperature was highest (56°) on Wednesday (14th inst.); lowest (35°) on Saturday (10th inst.); range 21°. Rain fell on five days. The total fall 0.63 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.25 inch on Friday (9th inst.).

## MARRIAGE.

**WEST-ALDWELL.**—On Thursday, 8th inst., at St. Clement's, East Dulwich, KATE ADA MARY, daughter of GEORGE EVILL WEST, Esq., Mathematical Tutor, and formerly of Gothic House, Stockwell, to FREDERICK GEORGE ALDWELL, of the War Office, son of G. F. ALDWELL, Esq., of Dublin, in the presence of a large number of friends, by the Rev. S. Strickland, Vicar of St. John's, Gore Green, assisted by the Rev. H. Jennings, Vicar of St. Clement's, East Dulwich. Mr. Sydney Hill, so well known in South London, volunteered his services on the organ, and greatly enlivened the ceremony by his excellent playing.



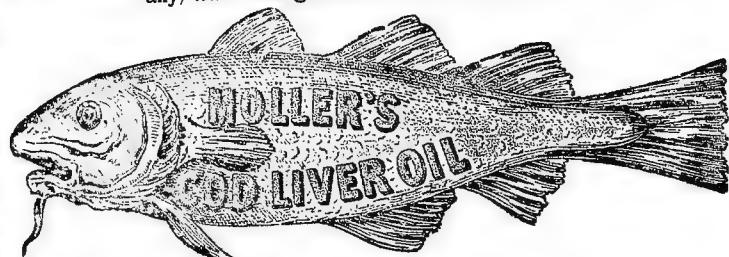
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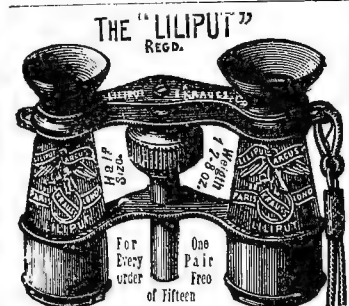


In the competition held by the Catford Bicycle Club up this Hill, Mr. W. Chater Lea, of the North Road C.C., won on a WHIPPET, beating the second man by 23 1-5 seconds.

Out of fifteen competitors only five succeeded in riding this hill at all, out of which the FIRST and THIRD rode WHIPPETS.  
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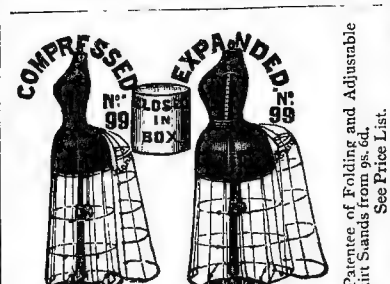
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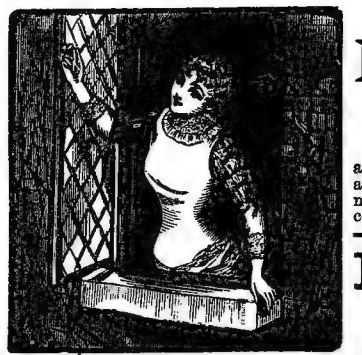
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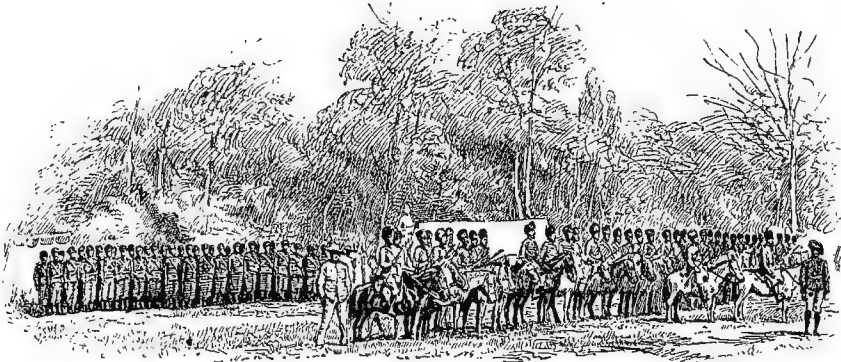






# EXPEDITION TO THE KAREN HILLS, UPPER BURMAH

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND MATERIALS FURNISHED BY  
COLONEL G. SARTORIUS, 1ST BELOOCHEES, COMMANDING THE EXPEDITION



THE MOUNTED SEPOYS ON TATTOS (PONIES)

THE GREAT TRACT OF COUNTRY to the North of Burmah, and extending up to the frontier of the Chinese Empire, has hitherto, by reason of the absence of accurate geographical knowledge, been roughly described as the Shan States. Some ten years ago or more a good deal of interest was excited in this country, chiefly in commercial circles, with regard to the possibility of so conciliating the Shan tribes as to establish a regular highway for commerce from India to China, and so to carry overland into the Western Province of China, the Indian commodities which are at present conveyed by sea from Calcutta to Hong Kong or Shanghai. Owing to the heavy duties levied by a succession of provincial mandarins, it is impossible to sell such goods profitably, except within a limited distance of the port of delivery. Every intelligent student of commercial geography knew this; but nevertheless the question of utilising the Shan States as suggested has never come into the range of practical commercial politics.

To the Expedition which is illustrated in this Supplement is due the credit of having very largely added to what has been hitherto known about the subject. Let it be noted that Colonel Sartorius has clearly shown how distinct are the Karens, whose country he describes, from the Shans, with whom they have been generally and improperly identified. The Shans inhabit, as a rule, the northern parts of the region, while the Karens live in the southern. The Shans, Colonel Sartorius has established, were originally a powerful and independent people, whose State was situated in the upper parts of Burmah, and extended well into the southern borders of China. The pressure put upon them by the Burmese on the one side, and the Chinese on the other, together with their internal dissensions, lost them their independence. They finally broke up into a number of sections, all tributary either to the Burmese or the Chinese. The Karens are quite a different kind of people; for while the Shans are decidedly of the Mongolian type, the true Karens have nothing in common with it. The Shans are also one people, while the Karens are divided into numerous tribes. Those that Colonel Sartorius met are the Red Karens, the Padoungs, the Gondeos, or Seraings, the Tongthoos, and the Gekkos. The story of what he did in traversing the districts occupied by these tribes can be told by simply summarising his own unpublished manuscripts, including his official report to his military superior. The interesting record can also be not only illustrated but abbreviated by the aid of a selection from the numerous photographs which the explorer made, and which are reproduced in this Supplement.

The Karen Hills lie to the east of the Sinthay River. The aboriginal inhabitants are few, but, owing to the density of the jungle with which the country is covered, its forests have, from time immemorial, formed the favourite haunts of the dacoits, or robbers, who have been able successfully to defy successive generations of Burmese officials. Recently this difficulty has been brought home to our own representatives in the Far East. Owing to the events of the last three years, the regular dacoits of the Karen Hills have been largely reinforced by such Burmese as have had reason to dislike, or to fear, the British Administration of the newly-acquired territory. So dangerous did the strength of dacoity become, that it was at length considered absolutely necessary to send a British military force into the hill districts, in order to make it clear to these brigands that, for the future, they would have to reckon with a stronger power than that of the deposed native Government. Besides, the country had rarely been traversed by Europeans, and there could be no doubt that even a rough survey would be valuable, since none existed. With the double object thus indicated, the authorities determined to send an Expedition into those little-known parts. This resolve was made early last autumn; but the rains fall late into the season in Burmah, and the forests, with their dank, reeking undergrowth, cannot be entered with any safety to health before the end of November. Therefore it was not till the 27th of that month that a detachment of 100 sepoy of the 1st Beloochees, under Colonel G. Sartorius, commanding that regiment, began their march. Of these hundred men, thirty were mounted on small Burmese tattsos (as indicated in the photographed group of the force under arms). These little ponies, rarely exceeding twelve hands in height, are extremely hardy, strong, and quiet. The

together made up more than 100 elephant loads for the preliminary part of the Expedition. This had to be made through the densest elephant grass possible. Here and there, indeed, there was a small opening, with a few huts surrounded by some acres of rice cultivation. With these exceptions, the grass all along this portion of the line of march was so thick and continuous that it gave perfect cover to the dacoits. The Beloochee sepoy specially noticed this, and, talking among themselves, told how often, when in pursuit of the enemy, they had passed close by them without being in the least aware of it. It is needless to say how disgusted, after a long day's march, were those Beloochee sepoy to find that they had thus lost their chance—all the more that these native soldiers are as good men as could be found for work of the sort.

During one of the early marches the force were encamped in a deep jungle. Here a wild elephant attacked the tame ones, and wounded four of them. He was driven off only by a volley from the guard, who, however, were deceived as to distance by moonlight shining through the thick forest. Thus, though the beast was badly wounded, he managed to escape. Next day some of the officers ineffectually tracked him, by his blood, through the thick forest, the character of which is indicated in the illustration showing the mounted infantry on their tattsos. At the beginning of this march, and, indeed, throughout its continuance, the road was steep and stony, and passed through deep forest. Approaching the Panloun River, which is a tributary of the Sinthay, the bamboo jungle was specially magnificent. An illustration shows the camp under an exceptionally fine group of these graceful trees.

At Kazor, situated at the crossing of the Panloun, Colonel Sartorius met Gnewara, one of the small potentates who were suspected of being guilty of the offences which it was the object of the Expedition to suppress. He seemed to be very uneasy, which was not wonderful, as there were many reports of his misdoings. Indeed, at the very moment that this Karen worthy was talking to the political officer, his brother was out on the Yamethin side, levying the tax, or rather black-mail, which Mr. Cholmeley had been sent up to stop by the help of the armed force. At Kazor a halt was made till December 7th, in order to complete the survey of the valley. It was necessary also, because Mr. Cholmeley and Lieutenant Moody were both down with fever. For the purposes of the survey, these two officers, along with Captain Sinclair, had, three days before, ascended the lofty Kazor Hill, on the east side of the valley. The natives had declared that an ascent was impossible, the summit being guarded by powerful Nats, or spirits, who would never allow such a desecration. The illustration we give from Colonel Sartorius' photograph is taken looking north. In the foreground is the hut occupied by the front part of the same hut. To the right is the Colonel leaning over the table, reading a book, while Lieutenant Seagram faces him, and, in his capacity as Royal Engineer, is possibly working the problem of how to test the bridges which the elephants have to cross, it being his duty to look after these useful animals. Next is Mr. Cholmeley, in Shan costume, trying to get some information out of a very unwilling native belonging to one of Gnewara's villages. On the bed lies Dr. Tully. Next, reading a letter, probably the official one telling him he has had the Distinguished Service Order, is Captain Sinclair, and last comes Mr. Cholmeley's servant bringing in his master's afternoon tea. Luckily, no rain at that season was to be expected, for there was little chance of the mat roof keeping off any wet.

A depôt having been made at Kazor, and a number of ele-

tatto seems to think nothing of galloping off with fourteen or fifteen stone weight on his back. He is, indeed, the ideal of a mounted infantryman's pony. To carry the baggage, twenty-six elephants accompanied the force throughout. The European officers with Colonel Sartorius were Captain Broome and Captain Sinclair, of the 1st Beloochees, Lieut. Seagram, R.A., and Lieut. Moody of the 2nd Queen's Regiment, Surgeon Tully, I.M.D., was the medical officer, and Mr. Cholmeley, C.S., acted as political officer. In order to ensure the forwarding of a proper amount of provisions up to the higher plains beyond the mountains which formed the objective of the march, depôts had to be made on the way. This was a matter of some difficulty, since, although none but hospital tents were taken, rations and baggage

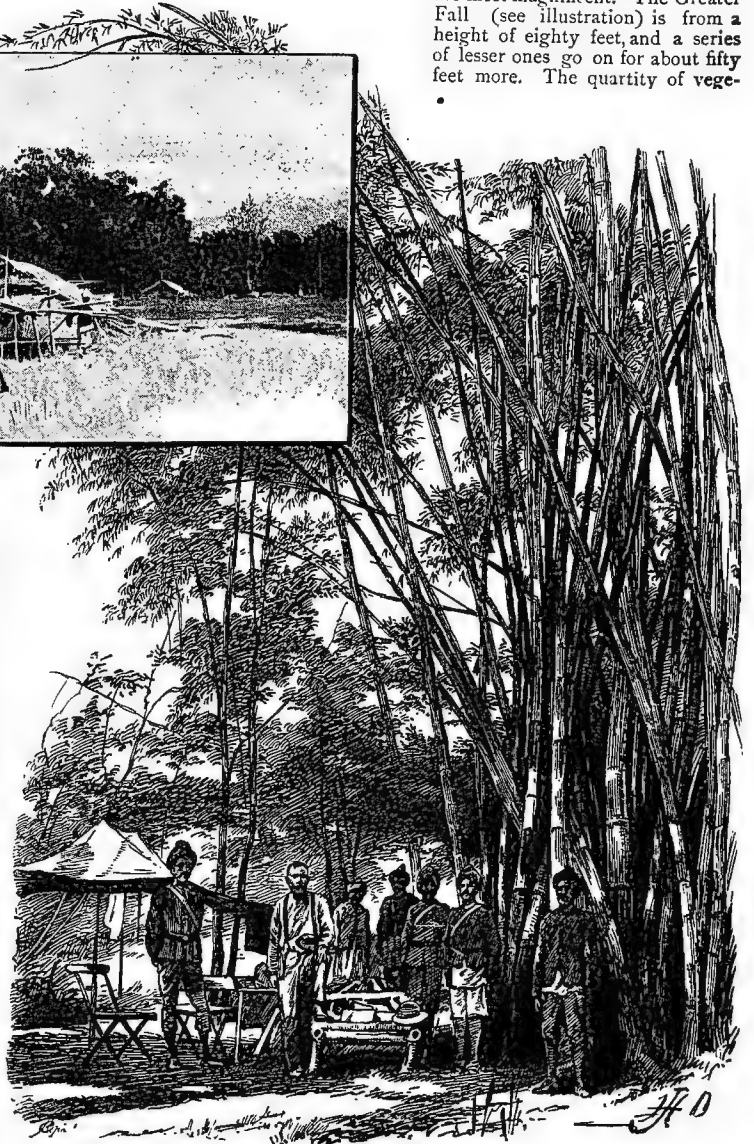


COLONEL G. SARTORIUS  
Commanding 1st Beloochees

phants which were, therefore, no longer absolutely necessary having been sent back, another start was made, on December 8th, towards Nanta, a place supposed to be on the highest plateau of the Karen Hills. At the end of the first march are the Cataracts of Kazor. They are most magnificent. The Greater Fall (see illustration) is from a height of eighty feet, and a series of lesser ones go on for about fifty feet more. The quantity of vege-



THE KAZOR VALLEY



CAMP, NEAR THE PANLOUN RIVER

table matter in solution is very great, and rapidly encrusts everything the spray can reach.

On the 11th of December the force met, on the road, the Mintajee or Regent of Lowelon. He had been appointed to this office till the Myosa, now a boy of thirteen, is able to take up the government himself. This Lowelon included twelve Toungsas (or mountain-eaters), of whom Gnewara and the Mintajee are each one. The only remarkable thing, Colonel Sartorius notes, about this man was his extreme dirt. Even amongst the filthy mountain people he easily carried off the palm.

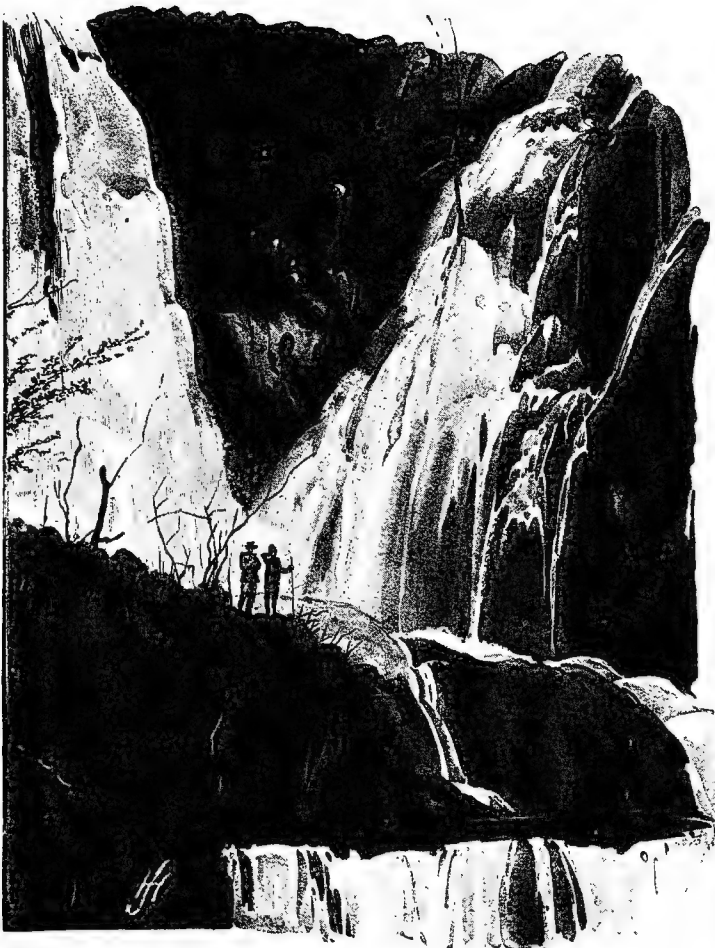
In the Nanta Valley the force experienced the greatest cold felt during the Expedition; the maximum temperature during the twenty-four hours being 65 deg. to 78 deg., and the minimum 23 deg. to 42 deg. In this valley is grown a great deal of rice, but garden produce is small. The people are so poor that even their chief the Mintajee says he cannot collect taxes. The fact is that there is no buying and selling, and no means of making money beyond the holding of a very small bazaar every fifth day. So the people do not attempt to raise more than is absolutely necessary. Even when the Expedition arrived in the Valley, only too ready to buy, there was hardly anything to be sold to them. Like many of the Karens as well as the Shans, the people are Buddhists, and they are controlled by the strict tenets of their religion. So they will not slaughter cattle, and even strongly object to sell any for the purpose of slaughter.

On the 16th of December a small party went on to Koung-ee, the Mobyé Tsawba's residence. "Tsawba" is one of numerous terms used in the country for chief or kinglet. At Koung-ee they met Dr. Cushing, a Shan missionary, and Dr. Bunker, a Karen missionary, both of whom proved to be of great use to the Expedition. The road from Nanta, in its latter half, leads through a fine pine forest. The road falls but slightly in the direction of Koung-ee, and hills rising from six hundred to twelve hundred



THE OFFICERS' HUT IN THE KAZOR VALLEY





THE KAZOR FALLS

feet bound the valleys. Here and there, in pine woods, are frequent small bogs, most difficult for tattsos to get over. The Tsawba of Mobyè was found to be an old man, evidently in very bad health, living in an extremely miserable way, and, from all appearances, having little or no income. He ought, Colonel Sartorius thought, to have been comfortably off, but he did not dare to enforce his rights. He paid a visit to the Colonel with his first and third sons. The next day, the latter, being drunk, came over to the Kyoung, or Buddhist monastery, where the sepoys were quartered, and used very abusive language to them. Fortunately only the interpreter understood him. He said he was as good as any of them, that his father was servant to the English, but that he (the son) would fight them all. Between these statements there were interspersed "heaps" of bad language. The interpreter, knowing who he was, with difficulty persuaded him to go. Shortly afterwards, however, meeting a Russian teacher employed by Colonel Sartorius, this crapulous hero drew his dha, and made for the Muscovite. Luckily a villager rushed out of his house, and took away the young prince by force. The Tsawba was much concerned when he heard of this attempted tragedy, and sent his impetuous son over, next day, to apologise. As an illustration of the curious ignorance and conceit of these people, it may be mentioned that the eldest son loudly intimated, during the stay of Colonel Sartorius, his intention of uniting, at his father's death, all the Shans and part of the Karens, and leading them to invade England! The only Kyoung in the place was a very wretched one, the wood being so rotten that it was dangerous to walk along the floors. The Pongyi (or Buddhist monk) declared that he could not get enough to eat, and that he was going away to Moné.

The provisions arranged for not coming up so quickly as was expected, Colonel Sartorius determined to utilise the five days he would have to wait by going up the Mobyè River by boat to see the Enlaywa Lake. While arrangements were being made for starting, news came of a dacoity occurring near Paykon. It would seem that, on the 16th of December, two Karens who lived close to Toungoo came up to Paykon to buy tattsos. They were met by some Shans belonging to the Commander of the Paykon garrison who, finding out their intent, led them to where they said they had tattsos for sale. After going a little way the Karens were seized and led off to the village belonging to the Tsawba's eldest son, where the booty was divided. The Karens said they were English subjects; but the leader of the gang only abused them, and said he was no slave of the

"Kalars." The Karens were let go, and went at once to Koung-ee to complain. From their description the Tsawba at once recognised the leader of the gang as his principal military officer, who was also commander of Paykon. The Tsawba called upon that very man to send in the guilty persons, but dared not say anything to him, the principal offender. Colonel Sartorius holds that this Tsawba is utterly incapable of action for good, but thinks that something might be done through his Nakanji, who is described as a most intelligent Burman, and one who really understands our power.

On the 19th of December the Colonel reached Paykon, a short march from Koung-ee, of which about two miles is in the plain. The village is built on both sides of the river, which, at this point, is forty-five yards across, and is spanned by a fine timber bridge. On the further side is the strongly palisaded enclosure of the old Burmese fort, now occupied by Mobyè's Shans. It has no spiked defence, and could not resist attack for a moment. The boats in which the party embarked for the river voyage were large dug-outs, capable of containing fifteen to thirty men in each, or a load of sixty baskets, equivalent to 2,400lbs. They are rowed by four to eight men, who stand on the ends of the canoes, and, by turning one leg and foot round the paddle, work it with the force of the one leg and one arm. These boatmen are very lazy, and never attain a greater speed than three miles an hour against stream. The banks of the river being high, water has to be drawn up artificially to irrigate the rice fields. Two methods of doing so are practised. One is by means of the wheel system, where bamboo joints take the place of earthen pots. The other system requires manual labour only. The workman puts up a kind of cross bar, then hangs on to it a large swinging wooden or bamboo shovel at such a length that the shovel, when pulled back at an angle of forty-five degrees, just enters the water. The shovel has a long handle with an arrangement for the foot, so as to enable the operator to lean on the cross bar, and work the shovel with hand and foot.

On the 21st of December Colonel Sartorius reached Saga. The Tsawba of that place (a portrait of whom we give), was found living in a much more respectable style than the Mobyè Tsawba. He was well-dressed, had good buildings to live in, with a convenient and well-swept courtyard, and a strong palisade all round. At the entrance there were to be seen two small guns—one an old smooth three-pounder, and the other one of King Theebaw's rifled two-pounders. The Tsawba's receiving room was fitted up with decent furniture; and his gold chair, with a dha of the same precious metal (the latter being the emblem of the power of life and death) were placed conspicuously in front. To the north-west, and about five miles



THE TSAWBA OF SAGA

town, and about a mile distant from it. There were at least a couple of thousand people more or less busily engaged in buying and selling, or in noisily giving their opinions as to the value of goods offered for sale. The bank was lined, for a long distance, with boats, three deep. It was remarkable that, owing to the security inspired by the British occupation, and the comparative vicinity of Fort Stedman, no one wore arms. After spending a couple of hours inspecting the shops and stalls, the party repaired to the Poonghi Kyoung, at the head of the lake, of which monastery we supply an illustration from the photograph. In the evening the Colonel went out on this beautiful lake, for which Enlaywa is (at least locally) celebrated. He describes the water as exquisitely clear. The reflection of the setting sun, the boats with their gaily-dressed occupants, the mountains, the calm, clear atmosphere—all combined to make such a perfect picture that it was hard to leave it. There are no big mountains, as in Cashmere, to fringe the horizon with their snowy peaks. But all else is present, while the sheet of water is, or appears to be



A GROUP OF KARENS

behind Saga, is a hill composed almost entirely of iron pyrites. The natives easily extract therefrom all the iron they require. At this point the river is almost on a level with the plain through which it runs. For more than half the year, therefore, the surrounding district is entirely flooded, and only the numerous herds of buffaloes can move about. It is curious to a stranger to see them tended by children who either go paddling about in small canoes, or sit on the broad backs of the buffaloes themselves. Sometimes the tired youngsters go to sleep, and then the great, stolid, stupid-looking old buffalo takes the greatest care to keep as steady as possible. After leaving Saga the mountains close in somewhat, and the river winds tortuously through the marsh. Here and there, the banks rise as high as eight feet, and show indications of a stratum of soft laterite underneath. Pines have disappeared, and the bamboo grows well, showing that the climate is warmer than further south. The hills are inhabited almost entirely by Padoung and Gondoo Karens. Marks on the trees on the banks showed that, at times, the river rises five feet higher than its level at the date when the Colonel passed. Near Saga, only three miles up stream in fact, are the ruins of an old fort built by the Lawes, people living on the borders of Siam, who invaded this place about twenty years ago. Late in the day's voyage a splendid echo was discovered. Although the hill responsible for the phenomenon was fully 600 yards off, yet the answering voice was perfectly distinct.

On the 22nd Colonel Sartorius reached the Enlaywa Bazaar, which was being held on the bank of the river opposite the

much larger than any of the lakes in Cashmere. There are plenty of fish, principally of the carp species (running up to six or seven pounds), and fresh-water bream. Quantities are sold in the bazaar at the rate of one anna a pound. These fish are caught with nets or live-bait. Occasionally, however, the crews of eight or nine boats join together, and beat the water gradually up to some very thick water-grass, round which mats have been arranged. Then the fishermen proceed to spear at random, within the enclosure, with a kind of long-handled trident. At the Kyoung which formed the Colonel's temporary residence he received a visit from the Myosa of Chitsee. He was trying to re-populate a small State lying between Enlaywa and Saga, which, during the few previous years, had been so overrun by enemies from every side that it was entirely without inhabitants. In the neighbourhood of Enlaywa there are several lake-villages, much resembling the lacustrine dwellings of the Swiss lakes.

On Christmas Day the whole party reassembled at Paykon, but, owing to the illness of Captain Sinclair and Mr. Cholmeley, a halt of one day had to be made. These officers were then finally detached, and proceeded on their way back, by way of Saga and over the Lowelon Hill, with seven elephants and forty rifles. Colonel Sartorius himself went down the plain to Mobyè by a road which skirted the hills. The town of Mobyè is strongly stockaded, and in the previous June—the Tsawba being a Shan—was on the point of being taken and burnt by the Karens, when an order was received from the English that hostilities were to cease. There are from 200 to 300 houses in the town, and good bridges across the river. Leaving Mobyè, the road runs by the side of the hills to within a mile and a-half of the village of Pobyà, a Red Karen chief. It then turns off to the left into the open plain for half a mile, and enters a beautiful level grassy plot, where a very good set of bamboo huts had been built for the party. (The principal house is shown in our illustration.) Pobyà soon came to pay his respects. He had, it was afterwards found, been delayed at the Danish Mission, where he had gone to borrow a pair of shoes and stockings, so as to appear before the Colonel in what he considered proper costume.

The party were now within the Red Karen Country, where hardly a Shan is to be seen. The women are, in their way, uglier than either Shan or Burmese, and they are horribly dirty. While at Pobyà's village reports were heard about a certain robber chief called Loosau, and the hostility of Saulepau. So Colonel Sartorius



AN EXTENSIVE KAREN FAMILY



sent letters to both—to Saulepau asking him to provide guides to the place where the Mobyè River disappears, and to Loosau, telling him that the commander of the English Expedition wished to see him. There was considerable difficulty in getting any one to take the letters; but at last the missive to Saulepau was conveyed to the Tounsa of Lowekor, who was to send it on. No one knows whether he really did so; but, anyhow, the Lowekor Tounsa, a near relation and vassal of Saulepau's, at once disappeared, and could not be found any more all the time that Colonel Sartorius remained in these parts. As for Loosau, he could not read the letter, and answered, verbally, that he would go to Mobyè, but nowhere else. It was determined, therefore, to go on to Nwedaung to see how the land lay. This was important, because Saulepau had been claiming that principality since the Tsawba of the district had, during the previous year, died childless, and it was, therefore, possible that some signs of hostility might be shown at Nwedaung. Large numbers of armed Karens were sitting about the road as soon as the Colonel's party left Poyba's territory. One group were specially impudent, and the Colonel had to tell their spokesman, through Dr. Cushing, that he had better mind what he was about, unless he wanted to get shot. He then "climbed down" rapidly, and said that he meant nothing. When the party arrived at Nwedaung (or Mountain of Silver) the Shan population turned out to be very civil. The Karens were not much visible; but their women were all in the village, and that is invariably a sure sign of peace. There are, actually, two separate villages of Nwedaung—one Shan, and the other Karen. The latter are the people of the country, and live in their native dirt, while the former are refugees, and have a comparatively nice, clean village. But they are in constant dread, and never dare go a mile away from their houses. Silver work, which is excellent, employs many of them, while a little dyeing is done by the women. At the Kyoung, where, as usual, the Colonel was lodged, the people made themselves very troublesome by crowding in, and watching every movement of the Expedition party. They brought oranges and silver-work to sell. The oranges were of the real Lisbon kind, and first-rate coffee was to be got in the bazaar.

On January 2nd, the party went, literally, to "the end" of the river. The road first lies through the open plain; then, after passing two peculiar hills rising suddenly, and therefore called by the natives "Division of the Heavens," the undulating plain turns to hills, amongst which the path winds for several miles right up to the river, which, when it was reached, was found to be about fifty yards in breadth, with a current of five miles an hour. A good bridge, made of strong trestles, the flooring consisting of dug-outs, stretched across. On the other side is a large rice-clearing, and beyond that again, the river soon begins to break up into numberless channels, the water from which gradually disappears from the ground. There are but few traces of suction. The area in which this subsidence occurs is about two miles broad and from six to eight miles long. A low range of hills block up the valley. From the results of the inquiries made by Colonel Sartorius, it would



BAMBOO HUT AT POYBA'S VILLAGE

the objectionable Shan, with an order to shoot him at "the first start off." Every other precaution had been taken, and the audacious Shan would have been arrested had not the Colonel thought that the arrest would prevent Loosau coming in. But almost the whole of Prakee's men eventually declared in favour of peace, and of getting rid of the bad, troublesome characters. Prakee at last said all would do what they could. He was not pressed further, as he was really without authority, and the desired moral effect had been produced.

On the return march, Nat-toung (the Hill of Nats or Spirits), was the first point. It is a remarkably abrupt limestone peak, visible from all the country around, and highly revered by the natives—the great seat of the mightiest and the most vicious of Nats. The most beautiful orchids are found in every direction among these forests and mountains. One special kind formed the principal part of the tribute of the district due to the Mandalay Court, and the celebrated Queen Lupah Lall passed a special ordinance against any one but herself rearing specimens thereof. The whole country in this part consists of a series of hills of limestone formation. The inhabitants are few; the villages are far apart, and contain few houses. Dacoits infest the country, and prevent traders passing through, and, consequently the paths are overgrown with jungle!

The exploring party had to cut their way slowly through. Sometimes, indeed rather often, a fallen tree quite blocked the road, while the steepness of the hill prevented any getting round the obstruction. There was nothing for it but some hours of tree-cutting. Colonel Sartorius holds, however, that, should we get the better of the dacoits, then the Karens will at once open the road from village to village; for that is their custom, and a custom once acknowledged, whether good or bad, is rigidly adhered to by the Karens.

One of the chiefs who, as Colonel Sartorius forcibly puts it, "wanted a talking to" was Moung Kyaw. It was with some difficulty that he could be unearthed. He was so afraid of the sepoys, that he hid himself in the jungle, and Dr. Bunker had



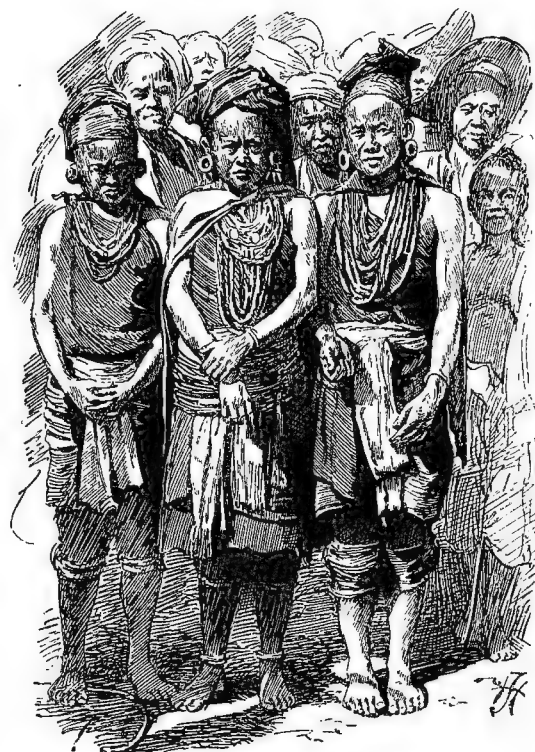
THE POONGHI KYOUNG AT ENLAYWA

some hours' work to persuade him to come out. It was very pleasant to see the kindly and hearty way in which some Karens from the village came up and greeted Dr. Bunker. They were not Christians, but had lived in a Christian village, and, by their cleanliness, proved that they had benefited by good example.

Moung Kyaw having been interviewed, the next in importance



NECK AND LEG ORNAMENTS OF KAREN WOMEN



RED KAREN COSTUMES

seem that the river does not come up on the other side of the hills; nor is there any special flow of water into the Mehpon River from anywhere near that side. Possibly the river disposes of itself in very numerous underground rivulets which flow close to the surface, and come out in such small-sized springs as not to attract much notice.

On the return to Nwedaung, Colonel Sartorius got a letter from Dr. Bunker saying that, early the same morning, he had sent on a post, carried by three armed Burman police from Pyinmana, and that they had been waylaid on the borders of Nwedaung, two being killed, while the third was very badly wounded. The post and the arms of the men had been carried off. This was bad news, but it was too late that day to go out.

However, the Colonel went early next morning and examined the ground. The place of the murder was in the middle of the plain, near a deserted village. The three men had evidently been trudging along, when suddenly ten Karens rose up within five yards of them, and fired a volley. Two dropped dead. The third, being severely wounded, ran on a few steps, fell fainting, and, being taken for dead, was left alone. The murderers then took the bags and made off. Poyba met the Colonel, and about 10 A.M. Prakee, who had been sent for, came in. He was the titular chief of the district in which the murder had been committed, but had no power until duly elected, and the malcontents, with Loosau at their head, would not permit any election. Prakee was very much frightened, and tried at first to prove that the murder was not committed on his own ground. In the end, however, he was obliged to admit the fact, and also that, by Karen custom, it was his business to find the murderers. Prakee brought a large following who spoke Red Karen, a language different from that which Dr. Bunker spoke. But the missionary had men with him who understood, and who kept him, in an undertone, informed of what was going on. At last Dr. Bunker told the Colonel that a certain Shan was advising strong measures. Captain Broome got up quietly, and taking Subaltern Narain into Colonel Sartorius' tent, gave him a double-barrel loaded with big shot. He then pointed out to him

was Ethnatoung, who lived in the village. The villagers themselves were much frightened and very civil, but the chief himself had "clean bolted."



A KAREN FUNERAL



In these countries the American missionaries, the Colonel testifies, give great help to the British Government, because they are able and willing to give useful information of every kind, their sympathies naturally being with us. They thus help to clear out dacoits from the districts in which they work. The work of these missionaries has been, to some extent, facilitated by the original belief in a Deity, held by the Karens, to which reference is made further on. The religion of fear gives way, with comparative ease, to that of love. The innate belief in the existence of a Deity induces the Karens to regard the religion of Christ as only the real original religion brought back to them again. Consequently, Christianity, as exemplified by the Baptist Mission, makes very rapid progress.

All the marches now, up to the last before Seikpoondong, were desperately bad. It took, on one occasion, four days to go thirty miles. There were no roads; the jungle was very thick; while the hills were exceedingly steep. All the information which the party could obtain points to the probability of there being no dacoits near Alichauing. At the same time, the roads in this district are so wonderfully bad, the jungle so thick, and the country so thinly inhabited, that dacoits might be in the immediate vicinity, for months, without any one knowing anything about it.

On the second march from Ethnatoung is the Yea Bo, or hot-water river; and that is about the only remarkable thing in all this tremendous jungle. On this march, a most excellent bamboo stretcher was constructed by the Karens. A twelve-foot length of large bamboo was split up the centre for about seven feet from knot to knot. On being pressed inwards, the bamboo opened out, forming a kind of oval cage. The top parts of this cage were cut off, and three or four small bamboos, or strips of bamboos interlaced transversely so as to keep it open. Nothing could have been lighter or more springy. Distances among the hill-people are measured by dines and shouts. A dine (as the translation of the word denotes) is a sitting down, and means the distance traversed from one sitting down to another. This naturally differs as to length, according to the difficulty of the road. Thus, a Karen dine, on a good road, is four miles, while it may be one mile only if the road is bad. A shout means from half a mile to a mile. "Near a place," signifies anything up to five miles, or an hour's march. In regard to time, there is no measure beyond pointing to the sun, or such expressions as "the time for cooking a pot of rice." "When you cannot distinguish one brother from another," signifies just before dawn or after dark; "when the children go to bed"—about 7 o'clock; "when the young men go to bed"—about 8 to 9 o'clock; "when the old men go to bed"—about 10 P.M.

The above condensed narrative embodies a summary of the most salient points in Colonel Sartorius's lengthy and interesting report of his adventurous journey. It only remains to add a few words in further explanation of the illustrations which, thanks to his skill as a photographer, we are enabled to use. With reference to the scene in which a number of Karens are seen armed in an alarming manner, the Colonel says that he has more information about the Padoungs (chiefly derived from Dr. Bunker) than about any other tribe. This is the more important because they are typical of all the other Red Karens. The Padoungs are armed with matchlocks, dhas, knives, and spears. These matchlocks are fired from the cheek, and not rested against the shoulder. If a Padoung goes out shooting and gets anything, part of the bird or beast is attached to the butt of the gun as a token of the marksman's skill. The men's dress is a very short pair of trousers, sleeveless waistcoat, and three or four folds of very dirty linen round their top knot. The "swells" wear earrings, and all have their ears pierced. A red-striped piece of cotton is worn as a blanket.

The women (see illustration) wear the most extraordinary brass ornaments round their necks and legs. Consequently their necks are much elongated, and the muscles of that part weakened. When they become Christians they leave off wearing these ornaments, and it takes from six to twelve months before they can comfortably hold up their heads. The ornaments are made of solid brass quarter-inch wire twisted round their necks and legs. The neck-part weighs 2 viss, or 7 lbs., while on each leg is 1 viss, or 3½ lbs. Thus these poor creatures, on their necks and legs, habitually carry some 14 lbs. of solid brass wire. Their dress is a shirt of red stripes, and ornamented with white seeds, or beads, or shirt-buttons, and red needle-work. The shirt is open, front and back, in a V shape, and is long enough to cover the hips.



A KAREN YOUTH

Under this is a short cotton cloth skirt, usually having a large blue border low down, and a red band higher up.

With regard to religious and semi-religious observances, such as, for example, are indicated in our illustration of a Karen funeral, Colonel Sartorius remarks that, while their religion is merely a series of superstitions and ceremonies to spirits, they have amongst themselves a tradition of a Supreme Deity who gave them His laws written in a book, that they lost this book, and that, in consequence, the Supreme Deity got angry, and withdrew Himself from them, but at the same time told them that a white man would come and bring them back the book. This led to a curious circumstance. Some years ago, an Englishman passing by happened to leave a Prayer Book behind, and the Karens wrapped

his hands together for some time before any explanation could be got out of him. Then, in tones which were almost incoherent through horror, he explained that this was the post on which his own particular Nat sat, and that unheard of calamities would happen if the Nat returned and found no place to sit on. The women of the Karens will not let their portraits be taken, as they think that portraits are the butterflies of existence, and that the possessor of the portrait may, by the mere fact of owning it, obtain special power over them.

When a child is born amongst the Karens, a sort of divination is usually attempted, but, unlike some other nations who occupy a similar place in the scale of civilisation, they are unable to draw up a horoscope. Marriage is a simple ceremony. If the course of true love runs smooth, the young man offers the object of his affections a ring, or some such small token. If she accepts it she shows thereby her inclination to lead a willing ear to his addresses. Then they have frequent meetings, but always—in accordance with the etiquette of the most polished Parisian circles—in the presence of discreet seniors. In the highest circles of Karen society it is considered improper for young people to meet alone. When the Karen Romeo and his Juliet have quite made up their minds as to their future, Romeo tells his parents. They then employ a middleman, who fulfils the duties of his office by going to the parents of the girl to ascertain her price. This is from 10 to 200 rupees. The larger sum is the biggest amount which any Karen "governor" ever dares to think he can screw out of the progenitors of the Romeo. Then the diviner comes on the scene. He performs divining feats with fowls. To this he adds the inspection of the kidneys of a pig, furnished to him by the parents of Romeo. He behaves generally, and indeed, as discreetly, and with as much scientific knowledge, as if he had been a diviner at the Court of Pharaoh or Numa Pompilius. If the omens are favourable, the parents prepare a feast for the whole of the village, consisting of pigs, dogs, and, if the parents are rich enough, and do not belong to non-flesh-eating tribes, fat bees. Likewise are offered to the guests konings made of jowaree, rice, or Indian corn. Each household then takes its share, cooks it, and arrives at, or near, the paternal mansion, to take part in a sort of Karen nuptial picnic. Eating, and, more especially, drinking, are kept up all the night. Next day some of the elders of the village conduct the bridegroom over to the bride's house. Romeo enters, and solemnly remarks, "I have come to see your goods. He then hies homeward. On the evening of the next day the young men and women go over to the bride's house, take her up with all her belongings, and convey them to the palace of the Romeo. On the journey there is much broad joking of the kind which would be appreciated by a first-night audience at the Criterion.

While the wife is being deposited, the husband gives to the bearers of his spouse much food and more drink. Also, he bestows a small present upon the leader of the raiders. Then all business is over. But there is another alternative:—should Juliet, at the last moment, as is sometimes the manner of her sex, be as unwillin' as Barkis was the reverse, she is, notwithstanding, treated as so much property to be sold. The Sabine story is repeated, and she is forcibly carried over to Romeo's manor-house. Often, in such cases the reluctant fair declines to recognise the existence of conjugal duties. In such instances she even so far adopts the ideas of Western civilisation as to "bolt"—this is how Colonel Sartorius graphically expresses it—with the most eligible unmarried Karen gentleman whom she may happen to meet. In this case the guilty pair, instead of being summoned before the Karen Divorce Court—probably because it does not exist—are simply, by immemorial Karen custom, condemned to leave the village for ever. This, however, is such a severe punishment that the dusky, although frail, Juliet often commits suicide.

In case of death, the relatives of the dead man assemble together and bawl for several hours, one after the other coming up to the corpse and yelling to him to come back. Some of the young men prepare the coffin, which they do by hollowing out a length of about eight feet of a trunk of a tree. As small an opening as possible is left on the top, and the corpse is laid in

sideways. The coffin has a sort of wing at each end, and four legs are also put on; the slit at the top is covered either with bamboo-matting or a board. In the coffin are placed all sorts of articles that may be useful in the next world, such as guns, spears, caps, &c. At the grave food is placed in little huts constructed round it. Sometimes the coffin described above is placed in another of more elaborate manufacture.

J. RINTOUL MITCHELL



KARENS WITH WEAPONS OF OFFENCE

it up carefully, put it on an altar, and made regular offerings to it.

The superstitious among the Padoungs are as numerous as they are curious. They have a sincere belief in the existence of witches, and, as a logical sequence to that belief, they often exterminate whole families during the rainy season. Why "the rains" should have been chosen, rather than any other, for this purpose, Colonel Sartorius was unable to ascertain. Probably it is because, during that season, they have less occupation than at other times. It is during the rains, also, that disease is chiefly prevalent, and that the people are chiefly on the look-out for the success, or otherwise, of their harvests. Curses as potent as the funny curses described by Mr. Gilbert in *The Sorcerer* are much in vogue, especially among the Karens. The most popular curse is in the form of a bent bow and arrow, the latter pointing in the direction of the dwelling place of the person to be anathematised. The bow and arrow are mounted on a stand made up of a piece of matting or old basket stuck on a bamboo. Behind hangs the payment of the curse, in the shape of a small pumpkin, a bunch of Indian corn, or something of the kind. Offerings to the spirits of the trees and mountains are everywhere found. They are not elaborate works of art, consisting, indeed, chiefly of split bamboos, with a few leaves, or else a stand on which flowers, leaves, or even a few grains of rice are sometimes placed. The offerings to the manes of the dead are much more copious, and the occasions on which they are offered extend, at stated times, over a period which sometimes stretch out to years. All these votive offerings and other semi-sacred functions are often troublesome to travellers. They involve the occurrence of days on which the Karens utterly refuse to buy or sell. And then, again they differentiate as between food for the human subject and fodder for cattle. On certain days it is the man who must starve; on others, it is his horse which must go without dinner. On one occasion, some of Colonel Sartorius's sepoy, employed in the necessary task of gathering sticks to make a fire, committed the enormity of taking some from within the radius of the power of the spirits of the dead who were buried close by. Much tribulation in the village ensued. On another occasion, the attention of the Colonel was attracted by a shriek of consternation which came from a villager when he saw a dooly-bearer carrying a post with a little very rough carving on the top. The excited peasant yelled, and shrieked, and danced, and clapped



AN ODD KAREN COSTUME



A POVERTY-STRICKEN COSTUME





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"If you had ever seen that beast, Bucher, you'd understand it."

# "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

ALTHOUGH the little house in Collingwood Terrace had not, perhaps, fully justified Martin's cheery prophecy that it would turn out an "awfully jolly little place when once they got used to it," yet there, as elsewhere, peace, goodwill, order, and cleanliness mitigated what was mean and unpleasant. Mrs. Bransby's love of personal adornment rested on a better basis than vanity, although she was, doubtless, no more free from vanity than many a plainer woman. She had an artistic pleasure in beauty and elegance, and an objection to sluttishness in all its Protean forms, which might almost be described as the moral sense applied to material things. Her delicate taste suffered, of course, from much that surrounded her in the squeezed little suburban house. But, far from sinking into a helpless slattern, according to the picture of her painted by Mrs. Dormer-Smith's commonplace fancy, she exerted herself to the utmost to make a pleasant and cheerful home for her children. Her life was one of real toil, although many well-meaning ladies of the Dormer-Smith type would have looked with suspicion on the care Mrs. Bransby took of her hands, and would have been able to sympathise more thoroughly with her troubles if her collars and cuffs had occasionally shown a crease or a stain.

Mr. Rivers's room had been prepared with the most solicitous care. It was a labour of love with all the family. Martin and his sister Ethel did good work, and even the younger children insisted on "helping," to the irreparable damage of their pinafores, and temporary eclipse of their rosy faces by dust and blacklead. The young ones were elated by the prospect of seeing their playfellow Owen once again; Martin relied on his assistance to persuade Mrs. Bransby that he (Martin) should and could earn something; and even Mrs. Bransby could not help building on Owen's arrival to bring some amelioration into her life beyond the substantial assistance of his weekly payments.

He arrived in the evening, and was received by the children with enthusiasm, and by Mrs. Bransby with an effort to be calm and cheerful, and to suppress her tears, which touched him greatly, seeing her, as he did for the first time, in her widow's garb. He was touched, too, by her almost humble anxiety that he should be content with the accommodation provided for him, and earnestly assured her that he considered himself luxuriously lodged.

And, indeed, for himself he was more than satisfied; but he could not help contrasting this mean little house with Mrs. Bransby's beautiful home in Oldchester, and he found it singularly painful

to see her in these altered circumstances. In this respect, as in so many others, his feeling differed as widely as possible from Theodore's. For Theodore, although fastidious and exacting as to all that regarded his own comfort, sincerely considered his step-mother's home to be in all respects quite good enough for her, and had privately taxed her with insensibility and ingratitude for showing so little satisfaction in it.

All the family, including Phoebe, who grinned a recognition from the top of the kitchen stairs, agreed in declaring Owen to be looking remarkably well. He was somewhat browned by the Spanish sunshine, and he had an indefinable air of bright hopefulness. In Oldchester he used to look more dreamy. "It is business which is grinding my faculties to a fine edge," he answered, laughingly, when Mrs. Bransby made some remark to the above effect. "I shall become quite dangerously sharp if I go on at this rate."

"I don't think you look at all sharp," replied Mrs. Bransby, gently. Whereupon Martin told his mother that she was not polite; and Bobby and Billy giggled; and they all sat down to their evening meal very cheerfully.

When the table was cleared, and the younger children had gone away to bed under Ethel's superintendence, Mrs. Bransby said, "You smoke, do you not, Mr. Rivers?"

"Not here, in your sitting-room."

"Oh, pray do! It does not annoy me in the least." Owen hesitated, and Martin thereupon put in his word, "Mother does not mind it, really. Not decent, human kind of tobacco such as gentlemen use. That beast, old Bucher, used to smoke a great pipe that smelt like double-distilled essence of public-house tap-rooms."

"Well, a cigarette, if I may," said Owen, pulling out his case. Then, drawing the only comfortable easy chair in the room towards the fireside, he asked, "Is that where you like to have it?"

"That is your chair," said Mrs. Bransby, timidly. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Owen, genuinely shocked, "what have I done to make you suppose I could possibly be capable of taking your seat?"

He gently took her hand and led her to the chair. Then, looking round the little parlour, he spied a footstool, which he placed beneath her feet. As he looked up from doing so, he saw her sweet pale face, with the delicate curves of the mouth twitching nervously in an endeavour to smile, and the soft dark eyes full of tears. "You must not spoil me in this fashion," she began. But the attempt to speak was too much for her. She broke down, and covered her face with her trembling hands.

Martin instantly crossed the room, and stood close beside her, placing one arm round her shoulders, and turning away from Owen, so as to fence his mother in. The boy's protecting attitude was pathetically eloquent. And so was the way in which his mother presently laid her head down upon his shoulder. They remained thus for a little while. Owen stood by the fire with his elbow on the mantelpiece, and his forehead resting on his hand. And all three were silent.

At length, when Martin felt that his mother was no longer trembling, and that her sobs were subsiding, he looked round, and said, "Mother's upset by being treated properly. No wonder! It's like meeting with a white man after living among cannibals. If you had ever seen that beast Bucher, you'd understand it."

"Shall I go away?" asked Owen.

Mrs. Bransby quickly held out one hand entreatingly, while she dried her eyes with the other. "Please stay!" she said. "And please light your cigarette! And please draw your chair near the fire, and make yourself as comfortable—or as little uncomfortable—as you can! Forgive me. I do not often break down in this way; do I, Martin?"

"No," answered Martin, moving the lamp, so as to throw his mother's tear-stained face into shadow, and then squeezing his own chair into the corner beside hers, "no; you were cheerful enough with Bucher. Well, of course one *had* either to take Bucher from the ludicrous side, or else shoot him through the head, and have done with him!"

"I see," said Owen, nodding, and not sorry to hide his own emotion under cover of a joke. "And Mrs. Bransby was unable to make up her mind to justifiably-homicide him?"

"Yes. He *was* a beast, though, and no mistake! Phoebe was in such a rage with him once, that she threatened to throw a hot batter pudding at his head. I'm sorry now she didn't," added Martin, with pensive regret.

Then they talked quietly. Mrs. Bransby, with womanly tact, led Owen to speak about himself and his prospects. There was little to tell in the way of incident. He had been working steadily, and did not dislike his work. And he had been well contented with his treatment by Mr. Bragg. Mr. Bragg had made him an offer to send him, in the spring, to Buenos Ayres. It might be an opening to fortune.

"I suppose you will go? Of course, you will go!" said Mrs. Bransby. She could not help her voice and her face betraying some disappointment. They did not, however, betray all she felt; for the



prospect of Owen's going away again so soon sent a desolate chill to her heart. Owen looked at her quickly, and then as quickly looked away and tossed the end of his cigarette into the fire, before lighting another. "I don't know," he answered, bending down over the flame; "it will require some consideration. I believe the alternative is open to me of remaining in Mr. Bragg's employment in England. Anyway, there is time enough before I need decide—several months, I hope."

Mrs. Bransby breathed a low sigh of relief; then she said, in a perceptibly more cheerful tone, "It seems so odd to think of you writing business letters, and making up accounts, and being altogether turned into a—a—"

"A clerk."

"No, not precisely that; you are Mr. Bragg's secretary, are you not?"

"What I am aiming at—what I hope to be—is a clerk, you know. If I called myself a Field Marshal or an Archbishop it would not alter the fact; but it does seem odd to me, too, when I think of it. Better luck than I deserve, as my shrewd old friend Mrs. Dobbs said to me."

"Talking of Mrs. Dobbs, May Cheffington came to see me here." Owen had heard regularly from May every week; he carried her last letter in his breast-pocket at that moment (not the note which she had posted herself—that had not yet reached Collingwood Terrace), so that he was not starving for news of her. Nevertheless, he felt a wild temptation to cry out, "Tell me about her! Talk of nothing else!" But he answered composedly, "That was quite right; she ought, of course, to have come to see you."

"She only came once," observed Martin.

"That was not her fault," said his mother. "She could not, as I told you all, make frequent journeys here—she could not command her time or her aunt's servants; she goes out a great deal."

"Her aunt lives for the world, you see," said Owen apologetically.

"Oh, there is no reason why May should not enjoy her youth and all her advantages," answered Mrs. Bransby, softly; "she is a very sweet, lovable creature—much too good for—"

Mrs. Bransby here checked herself, and stopped abruptly.

"Oh, mother! that's all bosh!" cried Martin, flushing hotly. "I mean that notion of yours. Now, I ask you, Mr. Rivers, is it likely that May Cheffington would *think* of marrying Theodore? Ah! you may well look flabbergasted! Anybody would who knew them both. You see, mother, Mr. Rivers takes it just as I did. You don't think it likely, do you, Mr. Rivers?"

Owen had recovered from the first startling effect of hearing those two names coupled together, but he was inwardly raging and lavishing a variety of the most unparliamentary epithets on Theodore. "If you ask my candid opinion, I *don't* think it likely," he answered, curtly.

"Of course not!" exclaimed the boy. "It's only Theodore's bounce; I told mother so."

"Why you don't mean that Bransby has the confounded impudence to say—"

"No, no," interposed Mrs. Bransby. "Don't let us exaggerate. Theodore has never made any explicit statement on the subject. But he meets May very frequently in society. He is constantly invited by Mrs. Dormer-Smith. They are thrown a great deal together. May has evidently become much more kind and gracious to him of late,—for I remember when she used positively to run away from him!—and as for him, he is as much attached to her as he can be to any human being. I do believe that."

"Attached to her granny!" cried Martin, apparently unable to find a polite phrase strong enough to convey his deep disdain. "Theodore is much attached to number one, and that's about the beginning and the end of *his* attachments!"

"Hush, Martin," said his mother severely. "You are talking of what you don't understand. And you know how much I dislike to hear you use that tone about—your brother."

She brought out the word "brother" with an obvious effort. In truth, she had a repugnance to speaking, or even thinking, of Theodore as her children's brother. But it was a repugnance for which she blamed herself. "I think," she added, "that you had better go to bed, Martin."

The boy rose with an instant obedience, which had not always characterised him in the happy Oldchester days, and bent over his mother to kiss her.

"I'm very sorry. I did not mean to vex you, mother," he whispered. "You're not angry with me, are you?"

"I *can't* be angry with you, my darling boy. But I must do my duty. You know *he* would say I was right to correct you."

Martin lifted up his face cheerfully, with the happy elasticity of boyish spirits. "All right, mother. Good night. Good night, Mr. Rivers."

"Good night, old fellow," responded Owen, grasping the boy's hand heartily. He felt very strongly in sympathy with Martin, just then.

Martin lingered. "May I ask just one thing, mother?" he said, wistfully.

"You know we agreed not to tease Mr. Rivers with our affairs immediately on his arrival, Martin," replied his mother. Then, unable to resist his pleading face, she said, "If it really is only one question, perhaps Mr. Rivers would not mind—?"

"What is it you want to know, Martin? Speak out," said Owen.

"It's about the question I asked in my letter," replied Martin, blushing and eager. "Don't you think I ought to try and help mother? And don't you think I might have a chance of earning something?"

"That's two questions," said Owen, with a smile. "But I'll answer them both. To number one, yes, undoubtedly. To number two, perhaps, but we must have patience."

"There, mother!" cried Martin, triumphantly turning his glowing face and sparkling eyes towards her. Then he shut the door, and rushed upstairs; his round young cheeks dimpled with smiles, and his heart so full of joyous hopes, that he was impelled to find some vent for his overflowing spirits by hurling his bolster at Bobby and Billy, who were sitting up in bed, broad awake. Thereupon there ensued smothered sounds of scuffling and laughter, mingled with the occasional thud of a bolster against the wall; until Phoebe, sharply rapping at the door, announced that unless Mr. Martin was in bed in two minutes, she would take away the light, and leave him to undress in the dark.

When the widow was alone with Owen she began to pour forth the praises of her eldest boy. She hoped Mr. Rivers did not think her selfish in letting the boy share so much of her cares and anxieties. But although only a child in years he was so helpful, so loving, so sensible—had such a manly desire to shield her and spare her! And then, after asking Owen's advice about the boy, she added, naively,

"Only, please, don't advise me to make a drudge of him. He is so clever he ought to be educated. His dear father looked forward to his doing so well at school and college."

"If I am to advise, really," said Owen, "I ought first to understand the state of the case with as much accuracy as possible."

Mrs. Bransby at once told him the details of her circumstances as succinctly as she could. There was a small sum secured to her, but so small as barely to suffice for finding them all in food. Theodore had made himself responsible for the rent during one twelvemonth. He had also (or so she had understood him) promised to send Martin to his old school for a couple of years. But it now appeared that his offer was limited to paying for Martin's being taught at a

neighbouring day school of a very inferior kind. And even this seemed precarious.

"I thought at one time," said Mrs. Bransby; "that I might, perhaps, earn a little money by teaching. But I must do what I can to educate Ethel and Enid and the younger boys until they get beyond me. I fear I could not find time to go out and give lessons, even if I succeeded in getting an engagement. So I am trying to get some sewing to do. I can use my needle, you know, while I hear Ethel say her French lesson, and make Bobby and Billy spell words of two syllables."

Poor Mrs. Bransby spoke with much diffidence of her plans and projects. She had a very humble opinion of her own powers, and was touchingly willing to be ruled and directed. Owen suggested that it might have been better for her to have remained in Oldchester, where she was among friends. But she answered that she had had scarcely any choice in the matter. It was Theodore who had decided that she was to remove to London. It was Theodore who had chosen that house for her. In the first days of her loss she had blindly accepted all Theodore's directions.

"Perhaps I was to blame," she said. "But I was so overwhelmed, and I felt so helpless; and it seemed right to listen to Theodore. But—although I never say a harsh word about him to strangers, nor to the children if I can help it—I cannot pretend to you, who know us all so well, that he is kind to us. Martin resents his behaviour very much. I do my best, but it is impossible to make my boy feel cordially towards his half-brother."

"Of course it is!" said Owen. Then he closed his lips. He would not trust himself to talk of Theodore at that moment.

It was a comfort to Mrs. Bransby to speak openly to a sympathising listener, and one whom she could thoroughly trust. She talked on for a long time; and at length, looking at her watch, accused herself of selfishness in keeping Owen so long from the rest which he must need after his journey. As she returned the watch to her pocket, she said, deprecatingly, "Perhaps you think I ought not to possess so handsome a watch under the present circumstances? Theodore was quite displeased when he saw it, and said it ought to be sold. But you see I need some kind of watch; and this is an excellent time-keeper; and—and my dear husband gave it to me on the last birthday we spent together."

She turned away to hide the tears that brimmed up into her eyes; and, going to a little side table, lit her chamber candle.

Owen rose from his chair. "Look here, Mrs. Bransby," he said. "Of course we must have more talk together, and more time to consider matters; but it seems to me that Martin is right in wishing to earn something. Young as he is, it might be possible to find some employment for him which should bring in a weekly sum worth having. And as to his education—it has occurred to me that I could, at least, keep him from forgetting what he has learnt already; and, perhaps, coach him on a little further. An hour or two every evening, steadily occupied, would do a good deal. It would be a great pleasure to me to be able to do this small service for you. That is to say," he went on quickly, in order to check the outburst of thanks which trembled on her lips, "if you are good enough to allow me the advantage of continuing to occupy a room here. I hope you will be able to put up with me. I don't *think* that Phoebe will want to throw a hot batter pudding at my head. But that may be my vanity! Good night. Don't say any more now, please. We will think it over on both sides. I will smoke one more cigarette, if I may, before I turn in."

He opened the door, and held it open for her. As she passed him, she paused an instant, and said in a low, trembling voice "God bless you!"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE next morning's post brought Owen May's note. She had written it hurriedly—not so much from stress of time as under the influence of that kind of hurry which comes from thronging thoughts and eager emotions. The sight of her handwriting was a joyful surprise to Owen; and he wondered, as he tore open the cover, how she could have learned his arrival so quickly. But he found that she had written simply in the hope that he might get her letter as soon as possible, and without any knowledge of the fact that he was already in London.

The contents of it did not much disquiet him. She had something to say to him: he must come and speak with her as soon as possible after his arrival. She was safe and well, he knew; and, with that knowledge, he thought that he could defy fortune. As to urging him to go to her quickly—that was, he told himself with a smile, a superfluous injunction. What need of persuasion to do that which he ardently longed to do?

He rapidly planned out the hours of his day. At ten o'clock he must be with Mr. Bragg in the City. He had received a telegram in Paris making that appointment. He would probably find duties to detain him there until the afternoon. Between two and three o'clock, however, he thought he could reach Mrs. Dormer-Smith's house at Kensington. From what he knew of the habits of the household, he judged that May would be at home at that hour.

He had much to think of regarding the future. A momentous decision lay with him. Had Mr. Bragg's offer of sending him to Buenos Ayres come a couple of months earlier, he might have accepted it. It was not, of course, a certain road to success; and it had many drawbacks—chief among them being banishment from England. But, as he had told Mrs. Dobbs, he was ready to face that if it were required of him, understanding that he who starts late in a race must needs run hard. But latterly he had come to think that it might not be best for May that he should go; and to do what was best for her was the supreme aim of his life. He discovered from her letters that she was not happy and contented in her aunt's house. The necessity of concealing her engagement was already painful and oppressive. How could she endure it for two years? Truly, she might announce it, and go back to Oldchester to her grandmother's house (for Owen had more than a suspicion that the Dormer-Smiths would be very unwilling to keep her with them as the betrothed bride of Mr. Bragg's clerk!).

But there were other objections. Theodore Bransby, Owen was inwardly convinced, was his rival. He might try to injure him in his absence. The absent are always in the wrong. Or Theodore might annoy May with persecutions. If he and May were to wait for each other, had they not better wait, at all events, in the same hemisphere? Owen knew very well that *some* money—a decent competency—was indispensable to his marriage. But that he might now reasonably hope to obtain in England. The balance of his judgment, the more he reflected on the situation, inclined the more decisively towards remaining.

Other considerations than what was due to May could not have inclined the scales one hair's breadth in these deliberations. But when he thought over his last evening's interview with Mrs. Bransby, it pleased him to believe that his stay, if he stayed, would be very welcome to her and hers.

He felt a profound and tender compassion for the widow. He admired her patience, and the simple way in which she tried to do hard duties; accepting them as matters of course. And he was filled with indignation against Theodore Bransby. To these sentiments may be added the sense that Mrs. Bransby relied on him; and the recollection of that day in the Oldchester garden, when he had solemnly promised to be a friend to her and her children at their need. All these were powerful incentives to help her and stand by her.

There was in Owen a somewhat unusual combination of heat and steadfastness. He seldom belied his first impulse—the mark of

a rarely sincere character, swayed only by honest motives. The offer he had made last night to teach Martin he was not inclined to repent of in the "dry light" of next morning. It was plain, too, that his contribution to the weekly income was a matter of serious importance to the family, far more so than he had any idea of when he first proposed to board with them, although the offer had been made in the hope of assisting them. He turned over in his mind various projects on their behalf as he walked down to the City. It occurred to him that he might do well to speak to Mr. Bragg on the subject. It was even possible that Mr. Bragg might find some place for young Martin. Owen had a high opinion of his employer's rectitude and good sense; and he thought him, moreover, a kindly-disposed man. But he had no glimpse of the tenderness which was hidden under Mr. Bragg's plain, unattractive exterior, nor of the yearning for some affection in his daily life, which sometimes made the millionaire look back regretfully on the days when he and his comely young wife toiled together; and when he, Joshua Bragg, in his fustian working suit, had been the dearest being on earth to a loving woman.

Mr. Bragg appeared that day at his place of business looking as usual. He was clean shaven, and soberly and appropriately attired. He was attentive to the matter in hand, mindful of details, accurate, deliberate—all as usual. And yet, so subtle is the quality of the spiritual atmosphere which we all carry about with us, there was not a junior clerk in the place who did not feel that there was a cloud on Mr. Bragg's mind, and did not wonder "what was up with the governor."

One wag opined that "Old Grimalkin had caught him at last." By which irreverent phrase the profane fellow meant that the Most Noble the Dowager Marchioness of Hautenville had succeeded in arranging an alliance between Mr. Bragg and her daughter, the Lady Felicia. For it was an open secret in the office, and the theme of infinite jest there, that Lady Hautenville pursued this aim with an indomitable, and even ferocious, perseverance worthy of the Berseker race from which she professed to trace her descent. Her ladyship's hired barouche might often be seen during the season, floating like a high-beaked ship of the Vikings on the busy tide of commercial life, and coasting down towards that plebeian shore of Tom Tiddler, where Mr. Joshua Bragg tickled up so much gold and silver. She would willingly have made as clean a sweep of all his treasure as any piratical Scandinavian who ever carried off the peaceful wealth of Kentish villages. Neither craft nor valour were wanting to her. She made ingenious excuses to see him:—sometimes she wanted to consult him as to the investment of non-existent sums of money; sometimes to engage his presence at some fashionable gathering, where he was, of course, peculiarly fitted to shine. She sent in to his office little perfumed notes, directed by the fair hand of Felicia in Brobdingnagian characters. Felicia herself, bright-eyed and crowned with gorgeous bonnets—spoils gallantly wrested from some lily-livered West End milliner, who had not the courage to refuse her credit—sat by her mother's side, and smiled with haughty fascination on Mr. Bragg, whenever he could be coaxed forth to speak with their ladyships at the carriage door. And every creature in Mr. Bragg's wholesale office, down to the sharp Cockney urchin who sprinkled and swept the floors, perfectly understood why Lady Hautenville did all these things, and watched her proceedings as a spectacle of very high sporting interest.

Thus it was that when the wag before-mentioned opined that "Grimalkin had caught the governor," by way of accounting for Mr. Bragg's low spirits, it was received with the benevolence due to a deserving old joke which has seen service. But when a younger man ventured to suggest—more than half seriously—that, "perhaps the governor was in love," the suggestion was received with genuine hilarity, and the originator of it immediately took credit for having fully intended a capital joke.

Owen Rivers, arriving punctually, was shown into Mr. Bragg's private room. There he was greeted with the invariable, grave, "How do you do, Mr. Rivers?" And then, after a moment, Mr. Bragg added, "So you've got over punctual. I thought you *might* manage without an extra day in Paris. But you must have put your shoulder to the wheel to do it." A speech expressive, in Mr. Bragg's mouth, of very marked approbation.

Then Owen proceeded to report what he had done in Paris, and to lay letters and papers before Mr. Bragg; and for some time they attended to various matters of business. When these were over, Owen said, "When could I speak to you about some affairs of my own?"

"Well, now, p'raps; if you don't want to be long."

"Half an hour?"

Mr. Bragg looked at his watch, nodded, and, leaning his head on his hand, prepared to listen with quiet attention.

Owen began by saying that he was inclined towards remaining in England rather than accepting the opportunity of going abroad, whereat Mr. Bragg looked thoughtful, but waited to hear him out without interruption. Then Owen went on to speak of Mrs. Bransby and her altered circumstances, and of his wish and intention to assist and stand by her.

When he ceased Mr. Bragg, having heard him with careful attention, said,

"The first point to be considered is your own position. Concerning the situation we spoke of, I think I can promise to keep you on as my—what you might call *business* secretary. As to a private secretary, I don't have much private correspondence, and what I have I can pretty well manage myself. I should expect you to take a journey now and then into foreign parts if necessary. Terms as before. But I tell you frankly, I see no immediate prospect of a rise for you. If you went to Buenos Ayres you might have a chance—only a chance, of course—of getting into something on your own account. One 'ud be steady as far as it went; the other 'ud be like what you might call a throw of the dice at backgammon—chance and play. It's for you to choose. With regard to Mrs. Bransby I—of course— Look here, Mr. Rivers, I'm a deal older than you—old enough to be your father—and I should like to give you a little word of advice if I could do it without offence."

"I shall take it gratefully, Mr. Bragg, whether I act upon it or not."

"Oh! as to acting upon it," said Mr. Bragg, slowly; "it's a great thing to be sure that your advice won't be picked up and pitched back at your head like a stone. Well, you must understand that I don't mean any disrespect to Mrs. Bransby, who is an excellent lady, I've no doubt. I haven't much acquaintance with her, though I have dined at her table. Her husband, Martin Bransby, I knew for years. I was his client, and had reason to be well satisfied with him in all respects. So, you understand, my feeling is quite friendly. But I would just drop a word of warning. You're a young man, and Mrs. Bransby, though she's older than you are, is still a young woman. And what's more, she's a very handsome woman. And— Ah, I see you're making ready to shy back that stone, by and by. But just listen one moment. For you, at your age, to get entangled in that sort of engagement, and to undertake the charge of a ready-made family of hungry boys and girls, would be simply ruin. You'd repent it; and then she'd repent it because you did, and you'd all be miserable together. That's all."

Owen's mouth was set, and his eyes sparkling with a rather dangerous look. But he answered, quietly,

"Thank you, Mr. Bragg. I am sure you mean well, or why should you trouble yourself to speak at all on the matter?"



"Just so; I'm glad you see that."  
 "But may I ask what put the idea of any 'entanglement,' as you call it, between me and Mrs. Bransby into your head?"  
 "Understand me, Mr. Rivers; I meant all in honour, you know."  
 Owen winced. The very assurance was almost offensive, but he returned, "I spoke very stupidly and awkwardly; I'll amend my phrase. I should have said, what put it into your head that I was likely to marry Mrs. Bransby?"  
 "Well, when a young man feels a soft sort of compassion for a beautiful woman who—who throws herself into his arms, and looks to him for help and advice, and all the rest of it, and when the young man and the beautiful woman have opportunities of seeing each other pretty constantly, why then I believe such a thing has been heard of in history as their falling in love with each other. It don't need much 'putting into your head' to see that when you've come to my years."

"Are you quite sure," persisted Owen, "that no suggestion of this kind was made to you by any third person? I have a particular reason for wishing to know."

Mr. Bragg pondered. He had, in fact, heard Theodore's hints and innuendos at the Dormer-Smiths, and although he was not consciously moved by them in what he had now said, there could be no doubt that the idea had been originally suggested to him by young Bransby and Pauline; Owen's words to-day had merely revived those impressions. After a long pause, he answered, "Well, I think I have heard it spoken of; but, if so, all the more reason for you to be cautious."

"I thought so!" said Owen. "Spoken of by—?"  
 "Why, by Mrs. B.'s stepson for one; so you may suppose there was nothing said against the lady. He'd think it an uncommon good thing, I dare say; it would relieve him of a burthen. He might wash his hands of the family if she was to marry again."

"Relieve him of a burthen!" cried Owen, starting up from his chair. "Have you any idea what he does for his father's widow and children, Mr. Bragg? Theodore Bransby is a liar. I know him. There's nothing too base for him to insinuate against his step-mother, who is, I declare to God, one of the best and most innocent women breathing! Theodore has a grudge against her and her children—a jealous, petty, despicable kind of grudge; and he's a mean-minded scoundrel!" He checked himself in walking furiously about the room, and turned to Mr. Bragg with an apology. "I beg your pardon, but I cannot talk coolly of that fellow."

"I'm inclined to agree with you, and yet I wish I could think better of him; or rather, I wish he was somebody else altogether," said Mr. Bragg enigmatically, thinking of May.

"Mr. Bragg," said Owen, with a sudden inspiration, "will you come to Collingwood Terrace and see Mrs. Bransby? You will learn more about them all with your own eyes and ears in ten minutes than I could convey to you in an hour. You shall take them unprepared. If you would look in this evening about their tea-time you would find them all at home; it would be a kind and natural act on your part, and would need no explanation. Do come."

"Well, yes, I will," answered Mr. Bragg; "perhaps I ought to have done so before. Any way, I'll come; just put down the address."

"Thank you. Shall I write those Spanish letters now?"  
 "Ah! you'd better. Mr. Barker, there, will give you a seat for the present in his room."

And so they parted.  
 Mr. Bragg was by no means re-assured as to his secretary being in considerable danger from the widow's fascinations. He remarked to himself that Rivers had not said one word explicitly denying any attachment between them, but he felt a new bond of sympathy with Rivers. It was agreeable to meet with such thorough fellow-feeling about Theodore Bransby. Perhaps a mutual dislike is a stronger tie than a mutual friendship, because our hatreds need more justifying than our affections.

By the time Owen's business was transacted, and he had eaten some food at a neighbouring chop-house, it was past two o'clock, and then he set out for Mrs. Dormer-Smith's house on foot. It was a long way off, but it seemed to him more tolerable to walk than to jog along on the top of an omnibus, or to burrow underground in the crowded railway. In his impatient and excited frame of mind the rapid exercise was a relief.

It was barely three o'clock when he reached the house in Kensington. The servant who opened the door murmured something in a low voice, about the ladies not receiving visitors in consequence of a family affliction. Being further interrogated, he believed that Mrs. Dormer-Smith's cousin, Lord Castlecombe's son, was dead.

"Tell Miss Cheffington that I am here," said Owen. "Give her this card, and say I am waiting to see her."

His manner was so peremptory that, after a brief hesitation, the man took the card, and ushered Owen into the dining-room to wait. The room was dimmer than the dim wintry day without need have made it, by reason of the red blinds being partly drawn down, and filling it with a lurid gloom.

The servant had not been gone many seconds, before the door opened, and a rather pale face, not raised very high above the level of the floor, peeped into the room. The eyes belonging to the face soon made out Owen's figure in the dimness, and a childish voice said, in a subdued and stealthy tone, "Hulloa!"

"Hulloa!" returned Owen, in a tone not quite so subdued, but still low; for there was a general hush in the house which would have made ordinary speech seem startling.

"Do you want May?" asked the child.

"Yes; I do."

"I heard you tell James to give her your card. Who are you?"

"I'm Owen. Who are you?" replied Owen, listening all the while for the expected footfall.

"I'm Harold."

Upon this, a second rather pale face, still nearer to the ground, peeped in at the door; and a second childish voice piped out faintly, "And I'm Wilfred." Then the two children marched solemnly into the room, shutting the door behind them, and stared at Owen with judicial gravity.

"May's my cousin," said Harold, after contemplating the stranger for a while in silence.

"And May's my cousin too," observed Wilfred.

"I'm fond of her," pursued Harold.

"So am I," exclaimed Owen, walking across the room impatiently.

"But why doesn't she come? Where is she? Do you know?"

"Yes," replied Harold, with deliberation; "I know."

"What can that man be about? He can't have given her the message!" said Owen, speaking half to himself, his nervous impatience rising with every minute of delay.

Harold looked profoundly astute, as he answered, with a series of emphatic nods, "No; he didn't. He took the card to Smithson. And I know what Smithson will do. She'll read it first herself. And then she'll take it to mamma. And then perhaps mamma will tell May—if you're a—what is it?—a proper person. Are you a proper person?"

"I say," said Owen, suddenly, "will you go and fetch May? Tell her Owen is here waiting. Do go, there's a good boy!"

"Is May fond of you?" inquired Harold, hesitating.

"May will be pleased with you if you go and fetch her. Run! Be off at once now—quick!"

After one searching look at Owen's face, the child disappeared swiftly and silently. In less than two minutes a light footstep was

heard descending the stairs at headlong speed. The door opened, and May, almost breathless with haste and surprise, half stumbled into the dark room, and he caught her in his arms.

"Is it really you?" she exclaimed, looking up at him with one hand on his shoulder, and the other pushing back the hair from her forehead.

Owen took the hand which rested on his shoulder, and pressed it to his lips. "It is very really I," he said, with his eyes fixed on her face in a tender rapture.

"It seems like a dream! So unexpected!"

"Unexpected! Why, you summoned me, and of course I am here!"

"Yes, it really does seem as if my note had been a spell to bring you across the seas."

"Over seas, over mountains, Love will find out the way!" It doesn't alter that truth, that I happened to arrive in England only last night."

"Only last night! How strange it seems! And you never let me know—"

"Darling, by the time it was quite certain what day I should be in England, a letter would not have outstripped me. I got my orders by telegram. Oh, my love, what a long, long time it seems since I looked on your dear face!"

"Tell me all about yourself, Owen. I want to hear everything."

"So you shall. But you must explain first the meaning of your note. Tell me now—sit down here—what has happened?"

"I have so many things to say, I scarcely know where to begin!"

"Begin with what was in your mind when you wrote that note."

May sat down close to him, and began in a low voice, little above a whisper, and with some confusion, to narrate the story of Mr. Bragg's wooing, and its effect on her aunt and uncle. As he listened, Owen's face expressed the most unbounded amazement.

"Oh, it can't be!" he exclaimed. "It's impossible! There must be some mistake!"

May laughed, though the tears were in her eyes. "You are not very civil," she said. "Nobody else seemed to think it impossible."

"But old Bragg!" repeated Owen incredulously.

"Perhaps he was temporarily insane, but I really think he meant it," answered May, blushing so bewitchingly, that Owen could not resist the temptation to kiss the glowing cheek so close to his lips.

At this point, Harold called out in a resolute tone. "You mustn't kiss May."

The lovers started. They had forgotten the children—had forgotten everything in the world except each other. But the two little boys had followed May into the room, and had been witnessing the interview in dumb astonishment. It was characteristic that they now held each other by the hand, as though seeking support from union, in the presence of this stranger who might, they instinctively felt, turn out to be a common enemy.

"Holloa!" said Owen. "Here's another rival. Their name seems to be Legion."

"It was Harold who told me you were here," said May.

"Yes; I sent him to fetch you," answered Owen. Then he added, ungratefully, "They might as well be sent off now, mightn't they?"

"Oh, let them stay. There are no secrets now. At least I hope you will agree with me that we ought to say out the truth. Come here, Harold and Wilfred. You must love Owen, for my sake."

Harold advanced and stood in front of them.

"I say," he said, with a curious look at Owen, "I'm going to marry May when I grow up."

"Are you? That's a little awkward."

"Why is it a little awkward?" demanded Harold, gravely.

"Well, because, to tell the truth, I was rather hoping to marry her myself."

The child had evidently intended to draw forth this explicit statement, for he looked full at Owen, and said, doggedly,

"I just thought you were!"

Then he suddenly turned away and hid his face on May's lap. Upon which Wilfred, conscious of a cloud in the air, began to cry softly.

"Don't be angry with them, poor little fellows!" said May, checking some manifestation of impatience on Owen's part. Then she coaxed the children, and soothed them, and the childish emotion, brief though poignant, soon passed. And at length Harold lifted up his face, and, after a short struggle, said,

"I will shake hands with him, if you like, but I won't love him—not if he kisses you."

"All right, old fellow," said Owen, taking the child's hand. "I sympathise with your feelings."

Wilfred, of course, put out his small paw to be shaken like his brother's, and peace once more reigned.

May then, hurriedly (for she knew not how long they might remain uninterrupted) repeated what Clara Bertram had told her of her father's marriage; and, lastly, she spoke in terms of deep affection and gratitude of "Granny's" generosity. But on this point, as we know, Owen was already informed.

All that he now heard strengthened and justified the strong inclination he already felt to abandon the idea of Buenos Ayres and to remain in England at all costs. With her father more completely cut off from his family than ever by this new marriage, her aunt hostile, her uncle, to say the least, dissatisfied, and sure to oppose her engagement when it should be announced, and no one friend in the world to rely upon except her grandmother, May's position would be very desolate if he, too, were far away on the other side of the world. Mrs. Dobbs was the truest and most devoted of parents, but she was old; and, moreover, she would have no power to insist on keeping May with her should her father take it into his head to decide otherwise. No; he must and would remain at hand to protect and watch over her. These were the sole considerations which decided him to come to this resolution then and there. But as soon as he had taken his resolution the thought arose pleasantly in his mind that it would bring some cheerfulness into the household at Collingwood Terrace, and he expressed it impulsively by saying all at once,

"I have made up my mind, darling, to stay in London. Poor Mrs. Bransby will be overjoyed. She is in such need of some one to stand by her."

May felt a little chill, like the breath of a cold wind. In the first warm delight of seeing her lover again, all the lurking jealousy, which she hated herself for feeling, but which was alive in spite of her hate, had been forgotten. But his words revived it. "Is she?" she answered.

"Oh, yes; I have not had time to tell you—haven't even begun to say the thousand things I want to say to you."

"You could not have written them, I suppose?" said May, withdrawing her chair slightly from its close proximity to his, and thereby allowing Harold, who had been watching for this opportunity, to wedge himself in between them.

"No; I could not have written all about her, because I have only just heard many of the details."

"All about 'her'—? You mean about Mrs. Bransby?"

"Of course. Poor soul, she has been so harshly, so cruelly treated! Theodore's conduct is—"

"You know I have no partiality for him," interrupted May.

"But I think you are a little unjust, or at least mistaken, in this

instance. Theodore Bransby has done a great deal for his step-mother."

"Done a great deal for her! Good Heavens, my dear child, you can't conceive with what meanness he treats her! It's dastardly. A woman who was so idolised, so tended, so petted—! And what a sweet creature she is! And as lovely as ever! Her sorrows seem only to have spiritualised her beauty."

"Yes," said May. And the dry monosyllable cost her a painful effort to utter it. Perhaps the constraint of her tone, the deadness of her manner—naturally so warm and cordial—would have aroused Owen's surprise, and led to an explanation. But they were interrupted here by the door being thrown open, not violently, but very wide open, and the appearance of Mrs. Dormer-Smith on the threshold.

(To be continued)



"OUR RECENT ACTORS," by Westland Marston (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is the work of a kindly and accomplished man, whose associations with the theatre extend over some fifty years. In the graceful and touching speech which he delivered from the Lyceum stage in June last year, when, for his benefit, Mr. Irving produced *Werner*, Dr. Marston referred to the time when, just fifty years before, his first play was produced by Macready. Many men living have, no doubt, as long a recollection of the stage; but there can be few except actors whose associations with it during so long a period have been as intimate. Dr. Marston began writing plays soon after he was twenty, and many of his dramas have been played at the first theatres, and by the best actors. Concerning all this, Dr. Marston in these volumes is very becomingly reticent. From all faults of egotism the book is entirely free. It is the talk of an old man about his old favourites of the stage, beginning with T. P. Cooke and Vandenhoff, and ending with Alfred Wigan and F. Robson. The actor who occupies the largest space in the book is Macready, for whom the author's admiration is extremely high. Of his *Lear*, his *Richelieu*, and his *Werner*, Dr. Marston gives careful accounts, following the course of the play scene by scene, and noting the effects. Macready's character appears in this narrative much as we know it from his "Reminiscences," but the gentler side of his nature is particularly emphasised. Charles Kemble Dr. Marston saw in many parts, and a chapter is devoted to the elder Farren. The acting of Charles Kean and his wife, and their celebrated season at the Princess's, naturally occupy much space. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Warner are the other actors dealt with in the first volume. Phelps is the great figure of the second volume, which contains also more or less exhaustive accounts of Miss Cushman, Buckstone, Keeley, Compton, Sheridan Knowles, Madame Vestris, G. V. Brooke, Fechter, Miss Neilson, and many more. The book, taken altogether, is rather historical and anecdotic than critical. It covers a highly important epoch in the history of the stage in England. It shows how the classic traditions of the Kembles were modified by Macready, until in the back-slapping and rib-poking familiarities of Fechter the naturalistic school was fairly established. It shows how the cleansing of the theatres by Macready, and the high personal character of that actor, brought back to the stage the respect which it had lost in the minds of the better classes. It deals with the period when the rule of the patent-houses had just declined, and when new theatres were being freely built, and were rapidly winning the public favour. The book is distinguished by the kindness of its judgments, and by a genuine enthusiasm for all that is best on the stage.

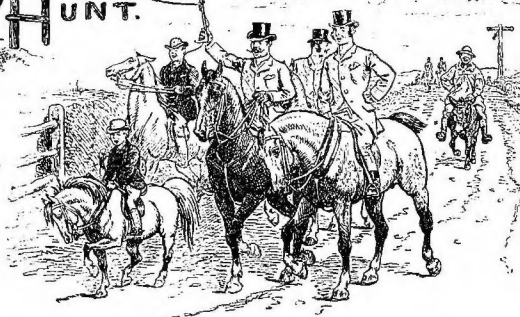
Seized by the prevailing mania, Mr. Toole has published his "Reminiscences." He has not written them himself, though he has contributed the preface—an amusing little performance, like one of his speeches before the curtain. Feeling not much at home in the use of the pen, it appears, Mr. Toole decided to talk his "Reminiscences" instead of writing them. Accordingly he talked them into the ear of Mr. Joseph Hatton, his old friend. This is the origin of "Reminiscences of J. L. Toole" (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). The arrangement was a very happy one, and the book is extremely amusing. It is safe to predict for it as successful a run at the libraries as a new play enjoys at Toole's Theatre. The departure from the strict biographical form makes the book different from many of its immediate predecessors of the same type. Travelling through the country on tours, over comfortable suppers in clubs, and in the dressing-rooms of theatres Mr. Toole has told his stories to Mr. Hatton; and the latter, with a good deal of skill and discretion, has woven them into a very entertaining narrative. Mr. Toole appears throughout the book as the very genius of comedy, as full of jests and jokes off the stage as he is upon it. In no recent book of this kind have there been so many amusing stories; they average one at least to each page. Mr. Hatton's work has been more than that of the mere chronicler. Much of the elucidatory matter is his own, and he has contributed all the padding, in the shape of footnotes, extracts from "Men of the Time," reports of speeches from papers, and so on. All kinds of characters flit through the pages; but the anecdotes are naturally chiefly about actors. To give any of the stories here is scarcely possible; they should be read in the book itself, which, it may be added, is very well and fully illustrated from sketches by the clever pencils of Messrs. Alfred Bryan and W. H. Margetson.

The newest volume of the "Camelot Classics" (Walter Scott) is the freshest and most interesting of the series; it is indeed almost the only important contribution to literature that the series has hitherto offered. All the other volumes have been reprints of well-known works, cheaply reproduced, and edited with more or less skill and scholarship by a set of literary men and women scarcely one of whom holds a first position among contemporary critics. The new volume contains translations into English of three plays by Henrik Ibsen—*The Pillars of Society*, *Ghosts*, and *An Enemy of Society*. All three plays will be practically new to the public, though a translation of *Ghosts* appeared some time since in *To-day*, a little-known, and now defunct, periodical. The translation of *The Pillars of Society* is by Mr. William Archer, and it has never before appeared in print. Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling has translated *An Enemy of Society*; while the translation of *Ghosts* is that of Miss Lord (who practically introduced Ibsen to the English public some years ago by her version of *The Doll's House*), revised by Mr. W. Archer. The plays themselves cannot be adequately described in such a brief notice as this. To a small circle of students in England the name of Henrik Ibsen has long been known as that of one of the most original thinkers and most powerful writers of our time. His plays are nothing less than revelations to those who are unacquainted with the contemporary dramatic literature of Scandinavia. But, until the level of intelligence among English theatrical audiences is higher than it is now, Ibsen will be studied in the closet and not upon the stage. Ibsen is acted in Norway and, we believe in Germany; but the impossibility of presenting him as he is to the English stalls and the English pit was very well shown when, a few years ago, Messrs. Henry Herman and Jones "adapted" *The Doll's House* for the London stage. *Ghosts* is the finest drama of the three here presented. The preface of Mr. Havelock Ellis, while it tells much that is interesting about Ibsen, might easily have been better written.



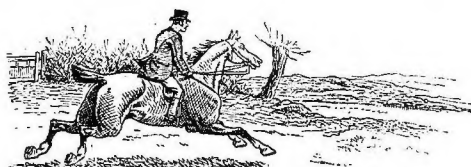
# THE MEYNELL HUNT.

1. Friends, your patience I crave  
While I tip you a stave,  
And whisper a word in your ear;  
For I sing of the sound  
Of the horn and the hound,  
Which the saddest of hearts needs  
Must cheer

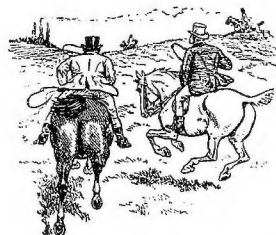


CHORUS—

For I sing of the hounds of the Meynell,  
The world cannot boast such a kennel,  
And a man must ride straight,  
If he'd not be too late  
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell



4. Yonder's Potter's so snug where we're sure of a jug  
Of good beer and good bread and cheese.  
Throw the reins on his neck, for you're time while we check  
To enjoy these good things at your ease.



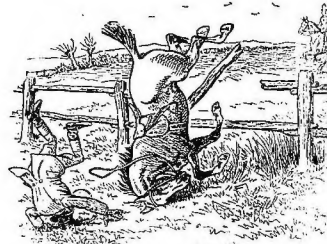
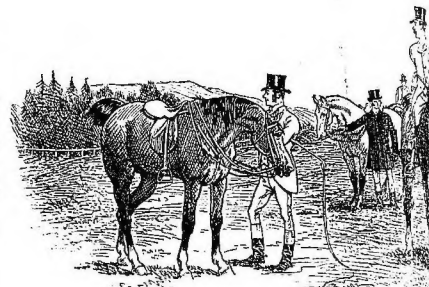
But it's Tally-ho! forrard away,



A labourer's viewed him they say  
Ere you reach Hilton Corse  
You'll know whether your horse



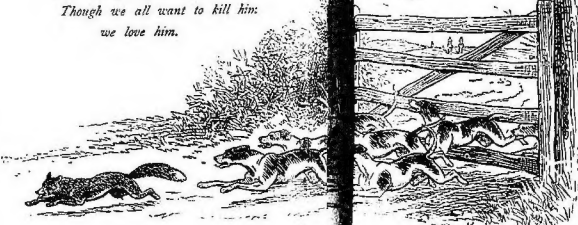
Can not only gallop but stay



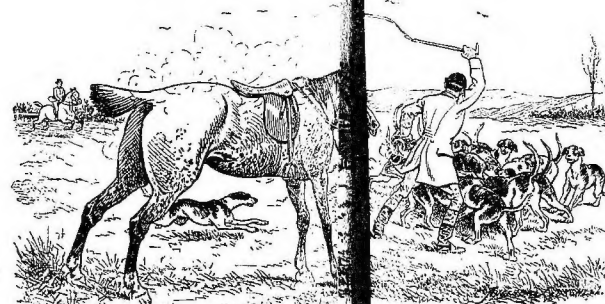
There as yonder Take a good lot of jumping, they say



Though the moment is nigh  
When this good fox must die  
Though we all want to kill him  
We love him.



See the fox and the hounds in our field,  
Ah, hark to that yell, 'tis poor Reynard  
The fate of the rover is sealed

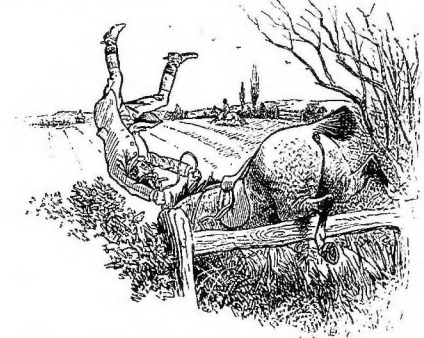
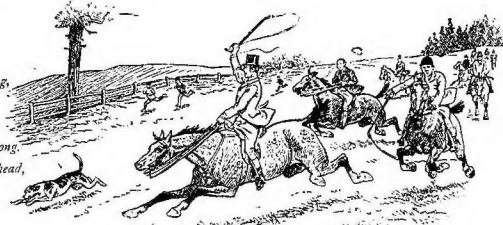


'Tis the First of November, the opening day,  
At Sudbury Coppice they've met,  
There's a scent in the cover the knowing ones say,

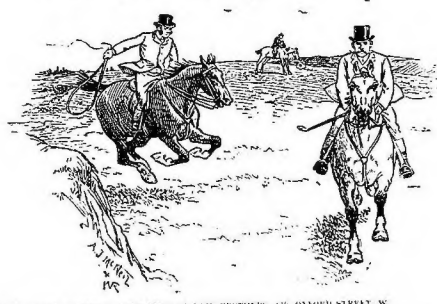


His line is for Potter's  
I'll lay,  
If you're game for a lark,

3. Now the good 'uns sit down,  
For I'll wager a crown  
There'll be some wet jackets ere long,  
From the brook they don't shrink,  
Tho' it's up to the brink,  
And the current runs deucedly strong.  
Shake him up, catch him fast by the head,  
For it never shall truly be said  
That a Derbyshire man,  
When he's leading the van  
Of the biggest place e'er had a dread



6. Now the front rank grows small, for full many's the just  
That their numbers have thinned since the feud,  
Some have bellows to mend, many pray for the end,  
For they're getting most sadly behind.  
But the customers sit down and ride determined what'er may betide  
To be able to say  
Of that glorious day  
"I was there when that gallant fox died"



5. "Moy eyes, he's a winder," the labourer said,  
"And e's gone past ere ten minutes quite,  
'Is tag it were whole and 'is coot it were red,  
You'll non ketch Bowd Reynolds to-night.  
Moy eyes, bur yo' canna joomp there, it's seven feet 'igh very near,  
There's a ditch at t'fur soide most tremendously wide,  
A's joomped it, bo' goy, joomped it clear."

CHORUS—

For I sing of the hounds of the Meynell,  
The world cannot boast such a kennel,  
And a man must ride straight,  
If he'd not be too late  
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell



By means of one hundred and four excellent photographs bound together in a handsome album Mr. Robert Harris has illustrated the scenery, mining districts, seaports, and native industries of "South Africa" (Port Elizabeth: published by the Author). The published photographs, says Mr. Harris, have been selected from upwards of two thousand negatives specially taken for the purpose. They are certainly very fine examples of the photographer's art. In "A Westerly Gale, Algoa Bay," the movement of the waves is finely reproduced by instantaneous photography, nor are the photographs of buildings less successful. One of the most striking views is, perhaps, that of "The Valley of Desolation, near Graaff Reinet." Other interesting sets are those of the Kimberley mines and the various groups of natives. "The Howick Falls, Natal," is a remarkably fine photograph. The views are taken in Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, and the album altogether is a very satisfactory piece of work.

"France as It Is," by André Lebon and Paul Pelet (Cassell and Co.), is an excellent work. The title-page says that it has been specially written for English readers, and it is translated from the French by Mrs. William Arnold. We can best indicate the scope and style of the work by comparing it to Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "England," which it much resembles. The book aims generally at acquainting the reader clearly with the present state of French politics, finance, law, religion, administration, literature, schools, and so forth. Wherever necessary, as in the chapter on "Political France," there is a short historical summary leading up to, and explaining, the existence of the present state of affairs. The whole book is written with care and clearness. Statistics are introduced only when absolutely necessary, and the book is very far from being dull. It is a thorough and accurate study of the social life of France, and what few small mistakes we have noticed are scarcely worth mentioning. Such a book was wanted, and we doubt not that it will be widely studied.

"Unnoticed Analogies," by Robert Oliver (Kegan Paul), is a book on the Irish question, written in the irritating form of a conversation between "James" and "Andrew." These two gentlemen argue, explain, and lecture to each other at great length, and go over again, with infinite pains, all the well-worn arguments on either side. To beginners in the study of the Irish Question the book may fairly be recommended, for it states the arguments with precision and care.

A better book on nursing than "Our Nurses, and the Work They Have to Do" (Ward, Lock and Co.) we have never seen, and we have seen many. It is the joint work of H. C. O'Neill and Edith A. Barnett. Nothing, of course, can supersede actual experience in nursing; but if nursing could be learned from any book, assuredly this is the volume from which it could best be acquired. Even the best-trained nurses may find instruction in this excellent book. It is thoroughly practical and complete, and is written in the most delightful spirit of common sense.



MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED is quite at her best in her latest collaboration with Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., "The Ladies' Gallery" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). She is quite as forcible as ever, and very much more agreeable. It will be the fault of readers themselves if they have been so saturated with fiction based upon mean or commonplace motives as to consider the rival heroism of Richard Ransom and "Binbian Jo" idealised beyond probabilities of human nature. It is true that novelists, as a rule, have been, to their own loss and disgrace, ignoring undiluted heroism, and thereby lowering the human standard. But that does not hinder ideal nobility from being as attainable, and therefore doubtless as actual, as ideal villainy and half-and-half virtue; and it is all the more gratifying to find it rendered with so impressive a pen as Mrs. Campbell Praed's. Her story of ideal friendship and self-sacrifice, exemplified in equal measure by two widely differing men and by one woman, is eminently sympathetic, and will be pronounced, by way of tribute to her treatment of it, not beyond the capacities of human nature. It may seem ungracious, considering the general excellence of the result, to wish that Mrs. Campbell Praed had written it without the assistance of which she, of all people, stands in no need. A flavour of parliamentary life is requisite to justify the title, which is otherwise grotesquely inappropriate to a most unparliamentary human drama; and this flavouring, from the Trafalgar Square nuisance to flirtation on the "Terrace," is, to say the least of it, feeble. However, there is, fortunately, comparatively little of it: and the story itself is amply strong and pathetic enough to have successfully borne even a fuller admixture of water.

Mr. Richard Garnett's collection of stories, of which the first, "The Twilight of the Gods," gives its title to the volume (T. Fisher Unwin), is of very varied merit, but, as will be taken for granted on the score of its authorship, never falls below an exceptionally high literary standard, and is coloured throughout with scholarship lightly, and even humorously, worn. It is both as a satirist and as a poet that Mr. Garnett has gathered from the nooks and corners of legend and mythology materials, pregnant with application to the innumerable superstitions of later times. We are not sure that he is altogether logical in his combination of worship for Mankind in the abstract, with so keen an eye for the meannesses and foolishnesses of the men and women of whom the object of his worship is made; but one who is both poet and satirist has necessarily two sides at least to his intellectual character, and, from the point of view of most readers, the result is a flavour infinitely more piquant than that of logical consistency. We wish it were within our limits to deal with each story separately, so as to justify in detail our appreciation of their characteristic merits, only occasionally injured by lapses into nineteenth-century burlesque here and there. The collection is a delightful volume on the whole, with the fourfold charm of humour, of fancy, of a unique intellectual personality, and of a finished, easy, and transparent style—a book both for children and for men.

Either of the joint authors of the still well remembered romance of "Reata" is always welcome. In "Orthodox" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), Dorothea Gerard is true to her old ground of Austrian Poland, and conducts us to that wonderful world within a world, the inner life of the orthodox Polish Jew. Dorothea Gerard treats it from the tragic standpoint, finding in it all the conditions of mediæval romance; and the strangest part of it is that she has done so without exposing herself to the least suspicion of over-colour. At least none will charge her with exaggeration who know anything of the people of whom she knows a great deal. The basis of the plot is as old as the hills—the forbidden love between a Christian noble and a Jewish maiden. But the development is painfully new, and is not likely to be forgotten by any reader who follows it to the end. Two portraits in especial stand out from the gallery of dramatic characters—the horrible child, Surchen, who has inherited the instincts with which persecution stamps a race, and no others; and the dealer in bones and hides, Berisch Marmorstein, whose degradation is almost redeemed by tragic fanaticism. That the story has a repulsive side cannot be denied: but the most repulsive part of its picture of cruelty, treachery, and bigotry is its truth. Antipathies will be equally divided between persecutors and persecuted. And that, perhaps, is

the weak point of the novel—a failure to create sympathy, which argues some lack of the spiritual comprehension on the part of the authoress of what she describes so vividly.

In the way of varied and violent incident, it would be hard to beat "Nigel Fortescue; or, The Hunted Man," by William Westall (1 vol.: Ward and Downey). Indeed, not only is a good strong appetite required by the reader, but that of a glutton. The setting of Mr. Nigel Fortescue's adventures by flood and field is not very happy. Mr. Nigel Fortescue is a rich hunting-man and amateur chemist, whom nobody knows, and who, looking fifty years old, says he is nearly ninety. He engages, as secretary, a young green-horn whom he occupies by setting to make a fair copy of the most prodigious yarns written in cipher. Whether he is a Munchausen, or a monomaniac, or simply amusing himself at the expense of a butt, does not appear; in any case the frame is so contrived as to deprive the picture of whatever reality it might have had otherwise. The incidents, including an escape from bloodhounds, are occasionally picturesque, but they very speedily produce a surfeit, and, when the end is reached, admiration of Mr. Westall's inventions is accompanied by one of gratitude that there is no more of them. A little more economy of material, and a great deal more constructive skill, would have rendered the volume quite as readable as any other narrative of bodily perils.

There is very little to be said of "A Daughter of Dives," called, with extraordinary want of appropriateness, "a Romance," by Leith Derwent (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), except that it is conspicuously inferior to such work of his as we have seen before. It consists principally of vain repetitions and curiously vapid conversations between hopelessly uninteresting people. The most noticeable point is the assertion that "it is easy to draw the snake's fangs, if we knew when and how it meant to strike." We cannot tell whether this is the result of actual experiment; but we should think it quite as improbable as the rest of Mr. Derwent's story.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

### II.

POPULAR recreation being as great a hobby of the day as universal education, there is, naturally, no lack of books teaching people how to amuse themselves. It is often said of the poorer classes that they literally do not know how to play, but if People's Institutes and Free or School Libraries contain a work like the new cheap edition of "Cassell's Book of Sports and Pastimes" (Cassell), a glance into its pages will soon open the door of practical amusement. Indeed, this volume is a mine of wealth to boys of all ranks; for it omits scarcely a single outdoor or indoor game, from cricket and football to the simplest fireside pastime. Under the more advanced heads come riding, driving, boating, and gymnastics, while the instruction in scientific pursuits, the workshop, and the treatment of pets is equally sound, and helped out by numerous illustrations.—Part of this ground is gone over also by "Indoor Games and Recreations" (Religious Tract Society),—a gathering of excellent articles on home amusements, culled by G. A. Hutchison from the *Boy's Own Paper*. Though more chatty, these sketches by various experts are no less practical, and equally well illustrated. Technical training and athletics find increased space, the chapters on boat-building, modelling, taxidermy, and British pebbles being especially clear. Thus, restless heads and hands may be busy for the whole holidays, whether they want to manufacture a fire-balloon or a rabbit-hutch, an electrical machine or a hammock.—The sisters are equally fortunate in the extracts from the *Girl's Own Paper*, collected by C. Peters, as "The Girl's Own Indoor Book" (same publisher). Like its foregoing companion, this handsome volume seeks to instruct as well as to amuse. So the papers on music, art, etiquette, pastimes, and decorative work are intermingled with hints on cookery, thrift, self-education, and health, the valuable advice and information being so well arranged that "our girls" who profit by the teaching will certainly be as useful in domestic life as ornamental in society.

Our Empire beyond the seas finds historians from varied points of view. Lieutenant-General E. F. Burton brings forward the picturesque side of India and her people in "An Indian Olio" (Spencer Blackett), which fully justifies its name as a medley of many subjects. As might be expected from his previous work, the author is at his best when dealing with sport and natural history, and his keen eye for the beauties of nature leads to many charming word-pictures of Indian scenery. But Lieutenant-General Burton's shrewd observations on politics also deserve attention, notably his blunt judgment of the over-educated Baboo, who is the chief offender in the noisy agitation against the British rule which the great majority of his countrymen accept contentedly.—How that same British power gained the dominion is tersely told by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams in "The Makers of British India" (Hogg). Mr. Adams is a practised hand at similar compilations, so no wonder that he manages to pack his huge mass of facts neatly into a small compass, omitting little of importance in Indian history from the foundation of "John Company" down to the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin. Recent events are dismissed rather too summarily, but, this defect apart, this volume is especially fitted for the schoolroom, the copious footnotes and list of authorities consulted being particularly useful.—The same process of boiling down information is followed in "The Story of Our Colonies" (Hogg), by H. R. Fox-Bourne, now produced in a fresh edition. Since the book first appeared nearly twenty years ago change has been so busy in our colonial possessions that numerous revisions and additions were needed, and accordingly the volume has been well brought up to date.—Yet another condensation is due to Mr. Ascott Hope, but his true tale, "The Romance of the Mountains" (Hogg) deals with more fanciful material—the stories, adventures, and traditions which cluster round the peaks of many countries. Perhaps this is one of the most entertaining works Mr. Ascott Hope has produced within recent years, as he leads his readers into the haunts of the banditti or the fairy folk, helps them to scale mighty summits or makes them follow the fortunes of mountain warfare with man and beast. From such stirring exploits, real though they be, it is a very slight transition to the sensational imaginary adventures which befell Dr. Gordon Stables' heroes during their "Wild Life in the Land of the Giants" (Hodder and Stoughton). For once Dr. Stables quits the Arctic regions, but Patagonia proves quite as fertile ground for shipwreck and hairbreadth escapes, with the additional excitement of cannibals thrown in. Dr. Stables' cheery style is most attractive, if his narrative is a trifle rambling.

A very modest little record of travel is Mr. Geard's account of his holiday cruise in a steam yacht, "Portable Lodgings in Dutch Waterways" (Mason and Payne). Mr. Geard humbly trod in the footsteps of Mr. Christopher Davies, and he is so very apologetic about publishing his log, that it seems unkind even to smile at his naïve account of well-known spots, described as if no one had ever been there before. Still the book is worth looking at by those planning a like trip, and the photographs are interesting. Among the illustrated books, too, comes the latest contribution from M. Mars, whose "Friends and Playmates" (Routledge) we seem to have met before in French guise. Child-life invariably appears under its most picturesque aspect when depicted by M. Mars' pencil, and these vivacious sketches of the little ones amidst their pets are delightful both in design and colouring. Moreover, the birds and animals, notably the dogs, are as full of character as the *gamins* and *demoiselles* who frolic joyously through the artist's pages.—British artists are still faith-

ful to the rustic type of childhood, such as the village lads and lasses who illustrate Mr. F. Langbridge's verses in "The Talking Clock" (Eyre and Spottiswoode). The drawings and borderings are really pretty, but the rhymes are not specially interesting for children. Indeed, the nursery audience seeking for fun would probably be more amused with the reproduction of an old picture-book which delighted their forefathers,—*"The Dame and Her Donkeys Five"* (Field and Tuer). Here humour replaces artistic merit.—Happily R. André manages to combine both elements in his graceful sketches accompanying a collection of tales in verse by the late Mrs. Ewing, "Mother's Birthday Review" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). This plump little volume would be an acceptable gift-book, as it brims over with pictures of juvenile proverbs, fairy revels, and familiar pets, while children, probably, would not be critical respecting the halting form of the poetry, which is hardly worthy of Mrs. Ewing. The real talent of the regretted authoress shines out far more brightly in her "Snapdragon" (same publisher), two short Christmas sketches published in periodicals some time since, and now comically illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne.

Girlish imagination is generally fired by histories of heroism unlikely to occur to everyday mortals. But any girl might encounter some of the difficulties overcome by "Brave Little Women" (Hogg), whose deeds in real life are simply narrated by Miss Trevelyan. Drawn from all ages and all countries, these practical experiences may serve as valuable models of presence of mind to damsels of the present day.—From the supply of feminine novelettes "Gillyflower" (Wells Gardner), by the author of "Honor Bright," stands out as one of the brightest tales, portraying a maiden in her early teens, who acts "little mother" to her family without developing into a priggish young woman. The heroine of the next volume fulfils a more exalted mission, for "Her Life's Work" (Nisbet) is to build a church. Evidently Lady Dunboyne believes that "whom the gods love die young," for in this story she kills off most of her good young people at an early age. Death is busy too in "Vermont Hall" (Hodder and Stoughton), wherein Mrs. M. A. Paull converts the familiar plot of a lost child restored to her family into a fervent warning against drink. This is a useful Temperance story, and interesting to boot, as also is Miss Stebbing's homely sketch of "Our Neighbour, Widow Yates" (Nisbet), whose salutary example reforms a wretched drunken family, or S. M. Clarke's "The Trivial Round" (Nisbet), village episodes illustrating the evils of intemperance, but a trifle stilted. This same fault may be found with "Philip Mordant's Ward" (Warne), although otherwise M. Kent produces a fairly-attractive tale of the troubles caused by a secret, and draws some well-contrasted girlish characters.—The mystery surrounding "The Gate in Park Lane" (Nisbet) is amusingly solved by the Hon. G. Boscawen in her rustic narrative, with its sensible moral for young workmen, while, as a contrast to English rural life appears the tragic tale of German peasant troubles in the times of the Thirty Years' War.—"The Schoolmaster and His Son" (Wells Gardner), by K. H. Caspari, whose readers will certainly sup full of horrors. The tone of piety throughout suggests the writings of the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family."—For younger children the Sunday School Union brings out some cheap booklets in the "Bright Star" series, where "The Pride of Greenwich" and "The Young Shetlander," by W. Skinner, are nice little stories, the latter being a biography of the young Scotch naturalist, Edmonston. Among these inexpensive books also are Messrs. Hogg's "Children's Evergreens," containing well-known nursery tales in simple form.



### II.

THE most interesting feature in *Scribner* is the posthumous paper by General Philip H. Sheridan entitled, "From Gravelotte to Sedan," which abounds in most graphic glimpses of the battlefield. A few minutes after the panic that overtook the German right wing at the ravine on the Metz side of Gravelotte, Bismarck and Sheridan overtook the King on the Châlons road. His Majesty was surrounded by a throng of fugitives, "whom," says the American General, "he was berating in German so energetic as to remind me forcibly of the 'Dutch' swearing that I used to hear in my boyhood in Ohio." Here again we have a glimpse of some rough festivity after the Sedan surrender, where the man of blood and iron behaved like Mr. Pickwick on a notable occasion: "Bismarck-Bohlen bore with him one great comfort—some excellent brandy. Offering the flask to his uncle, he said, 'You've had a hard day of it; won't you refresh yourself?'" The Chancellor, without wasting time to answer, raised the bottle to his lips, exclaiming, "Here's to the unification of Germany," which sentiment the gurgling of an astonishingly long drink seemed to emphasise. The Count then handed the bottle back to his nephew, who, shaking it, ejaculated, "Why, we can't pledge you in return—there is nothing left!" to which came the waggish response, "I beg pardon; it was so dark I couldn't see;" nevertheless there was a little remaining, as I myself can aver.—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson begins a serial, "The Master of Ballantrae," of which all we will say at present is that the scene is laid in the Scotland of the years following the '45.—Mr. Augustine Birrell's "Matthew Arnold" is an admirable study of the poet.

"William Lamb's Wife" in *Temple Bar* is a very sympathetically-written sketch of Lady Caroline's eccentric career by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy.—Mr. Arthur Montefiore, F.R.G.S., gives a matter-of-fact description of "New York and New Yorkers," which is certainly the reverse of flattering. Passing by much on the moral deficiencies of New York we may quote this:—"I have been in seven or eight capitals of civilised countries, and I can honestly affirm that I have never seen one so dirtily and untidily kept as New York. I have measured liquid mud ten inches deep in the side streets between Broadway and the North River."

Mrs. Eliot James is amusing and entertaining in the *Woman's World* on "Shopping in London," and she is much assisted in the letterpress by some pretty or humorous sketches.—Of considerable general interest will also be found "Guy de Maupassant," by Miss Blanche Roosevelt. We are sorry to find that the author of "Bel Ami" was singularly unfortunate in the time of his visit to Oxford and London. In fact he ran away from our capital, leaving behind this note for Miss Roosevelt:—"I am too cold; this city is too cold; I am leaving for Paris. *Au revoir!* Many thanks, &c.—De Maupassant."

In *Longman* Mr. J. H. Yoxall propounds "A Scheme in Lieu of Payment by Results." It is somewhat technical, but the writer promises that, if it were adopted, English schools would in six years be placed on a footing of efficiency equal to that of Saxony, for instance, and that the cost of lifting the schools into efficiency would be so gradual that the taxpayer could not take alarm. We doubt whether all Mr. Yoxall's premises are sound in the following argument:—"In any case, the deprecating economist should remember that the experience of the last decade goes far to show that every shilling spent in educating the populace is repaid in the diminution of crime, and the cost of repressing it."—Mr. Cannock Brand has some wonderful stories of climbing exploits on the part of "The Frog and His Relations." We are sorry to learn that as a social animal the frog is a failure; and a stranger to altruism.—The Rev. J. G. Wood is instructive, too, about "A Fresh Herring."



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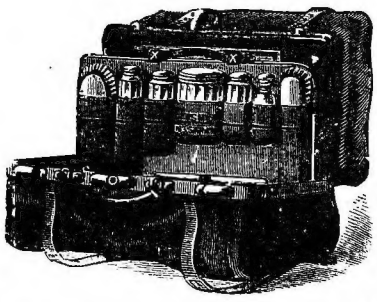


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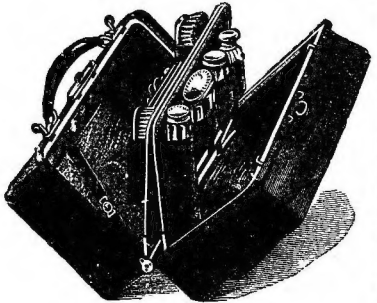
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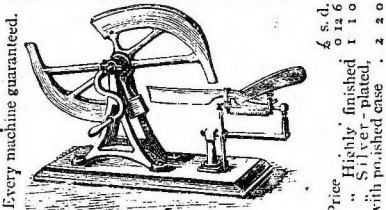
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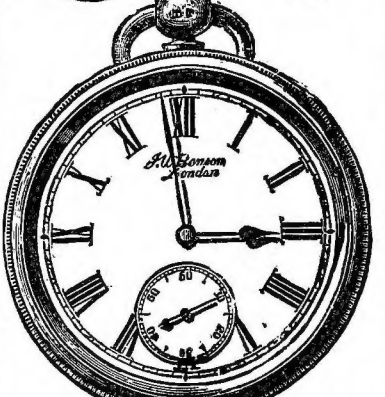
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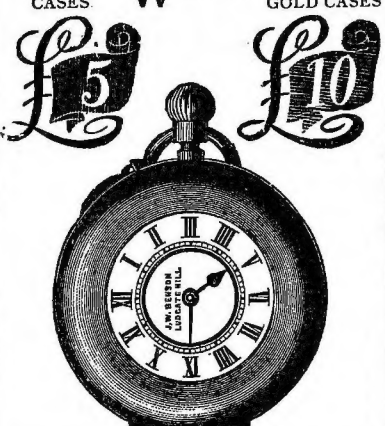
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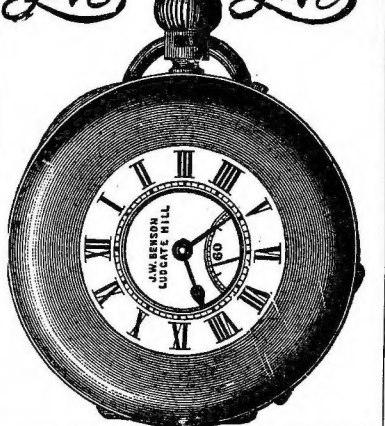
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**DIAGRAMS SENT.**  
**LOWEST TRAJECTORY GREAT ACCURACY**

**LARGE BORE RIFLES** for big game shooting, 4, 8, and 10 bore, 2 1/2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 90